

COOKIE

IND.

10¢

The Funniest Kid in Town...

OH, WELL!
I WAS LOOKIN'
FOR AN EXCUSE
TO STOP,
ANYWAY!



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

GANGWAY FOR

MILT GROSS

Funnies

**THE GREAT NEW COMICS
MAGAZINE THAT'S TOPS
ON THE LAFF-METER!**

**GET YOUR COPY
NOW!**

MEET MILT GROSS... THE
MAN WHO MAKES AMERICA
LAUGH... AND LOVE HIM!
FOR HE'S THE FATHER
OF ALL FUNNY FOLKS...
THE CREATOR OF
CRAZY CHARACTERS
LIKE

**THAT'S
MY
POP!**

**COUNT
SCREW-
LOOSE**

**PETE the
POOGH!**

...AND A HOST OF OTHERS,
RIPROARING RIBTICKLERS
ALL!

SO...FOR THE LAFF-TIME
OF A LIFETIME... SIT
ON YOUR NEWSDEALER'S
CHEST AND SCREAM
FOR...

MILT GROSS Funnies 10¢ ON ALL STANDS

"COOKIE"

ATTABOY, POOCH!
REMIND ME TA THANK
YOU FOR BEIN' **THIS**
MAN'S BEST FRIEND!

OOPS!

YOU DATE
THE GIRL
... WE
MAKE
MUSIC!
DANCE!
TONIGHT!

ER... SORRY,
OLD BOY!

REMIND ME TO
APOLOGIZE FOR
MY DIRTY
TRICK!



...PANT...**WODDEYA SAY, ANGELPUSS?** IT ISN'T OFTEN YA GET A CHANCE TA DATE WITH A GLAMOR KID LIKE ME!

WELL...ER...OF COURSE, I'D LOVE TO GO TO THE DANCE...AH... BUT...**WHERE'S COOKIE?**

COOKIE? WHY...ER...**OH, YEAH!** I JUST SAW HIM DOWN THE STREET WITH A BLONDE DOG... I MEAN, **BABE!** YEAH...

A BLONDE! WELL, IN THAT CASE, ZOOT... **IT'S A DATE!**



HEY, ANGELPUSS! THIS BIG APE...

I DON'T CARE TO HEAR A **WORD** ABOUT IT, COOKIE!

YEAH! QUIET, SHORTY...YER TALKIN' ABOUT THE MAN SHE **LOVES!**

...BESIDES, ME AN' HER ARE ALREADY TEAMED FOR THE JUMP TONIGHT!

OH, ANGEL ...HOW COULD YA & I--



HEY, ANGELPUSS! YER MOTHER WANTS YA ON THE PHONE!

OKAY, JITTERBUCK ...COMING!

BUT **MOTHER**...I'M GOING TO A DANCE TONIGHT, AND I'VE GOT A **MILLION** THINGS TO DO! ANY **OTHER** TIME ...



REEEK-GURKA... BAZEEP...AWRRK... CREEP...BRNXTL...

OH, ALL RIGHT ... I'LL DO IT!

WOT'S UP,
ANGEL?
BAD NEWS?

OH, MOTHER PROMISED A
NEIGHBOR THAT I'D SIT WITH
HER BABY THIS AFTERNOON!
AND ME WITH A **BILLION**
THINGS TO DO IF I'M GOING
TO THAT DANCE!
JEEPERS!

LOOK, ANGELPUSS...IF I
TOOK OVER THAT BABY-
SITTIN' JOB FOR YOU,
WOULD YA BREAK YER
DATE WITH JERKIE
HERE...AN' GO WITH
ME?

WOULD I!
JEEPERS...
YES, COOKIE!

HEY...**WAIT A
MINUTE!** WHY
CAN'T I SIT
WITH THAT
KID?

AAAAHHH...A SELF-RESPECTIN'
BRAT WOULDN'T BE CAUGHT
UNDER THE SAME ROOF
WITH **YOU!**

OH, **YEAH?** AN'
I SUPPOSE BABIES
ARE JUST **CA-RAZY**
ABOUT **YOU!**

THAT'S
RIGHT, KID
...AN' **BABES,**
TOO!

WAIT!
BEFORE
YOU START
FIGHTING OVER
WHO'S GOING TO
SIT...**HERE'S
THE ADDRESS!**

I'LL BE OUT THERE TO
TAKE OVER IN ABOUT AN
HOUR OR SO...AND I'LL
DATE WHICHEVER OF YOU
HELPS ME OUT ON THIS
LITTLE JOB! **G'BYE
NOW!**

GIMME THAT
ADDRESS,
YOU...

HANDS OFF,
HORSEFACE!
I'M THE GUY
THAT'S GONNA
DO THE SITTING!

**OVER MY
DEAD BODY,
YOU ARE!**

OKAY...IF
**THAT'S THE
WAY YOU
WANT IT!**

HEY, YOU
GUYS! **BREAK
IT UP!**





C'MON, ZOOT
--LAY OFF
THE KID!

LEGGO!
I WANT THAT
ADDRESS--
AN' I'M GONNA
GET IT!

AW, WHY DON'TCHA
TOSS A COIN OR
SUMP'N'

HAW-HAW...WOTTA
LAFF! AS IF ANY OF
YOU BIRDS EVER
HAD A COIN!

ER...I HAVE!...I ALWAYS
CARRY IT FOR GETTLIN'
ARGUMENTS IN A...ER
GENTLEMANLY
FASHION!

OKAY!
TOSS
IT!



HEADS!

READ IT AN'
WEEP, CREEP!

HEADS IT IS,
COOKIE! GIVE
HIM THE
ADDRESS!

AW,
NUTS!



WELL, SO LONG, GUYS!
YOU'LL SEE ME LATER
WITH BLONDISH CHARMS
IN MUH MANLY ARMS!

HEY, IF YOU
GOT A NICKEL
--PAY UP!

LATER,
BUB!

THIS TWO-
HEADED NICKEL
WOULD KINDA PUT
ME ON THE
SPOT!

YA SHOULDA
LET ME PUNCH
THE PUNK! I'D
HAVE

AH, COOKIE, HE'D O'
KILLED YA! HE'S
BIGGER--HEAVIER--
GOT A LONGER REACH
--WAIT'LL YA GROW
UP!

SMACK!

SAY, HERE'S WOT COOKIE NEEDS! LISTEN! "SCIENTIST DISCOVERS NEW VITAMIN XY-T-A! CAUSES THINGS TO GROW TWICE THEIR SIZE IN ONE DAY!"--WOW!

"WOW" IS RIGHT! WOT WE OUGHTA DO IS FEED SOME OF THAT STUFF TO THE KID ZOOT'S MINDIN'! CAN YA IMAGINE IF THE BRAT WUZ BIG ENOUGH, WOT HE'D DO TA ZOOT AFTER GETTIN' A GANDER AT HIM?

YEAH...SWELL! BUT IT'S NOT A BOY... ANGEL SAID IT WUZ A BABY GIRL!

OH-OH...THAT'D BE BAD, THEN! 'CAUSE IF SHE GREW UP SUDDENLY, ZOOT'D BE TRYIN' TA DATE HER!

SURE...AN' RIGHT AWAY HE'D BE TRYIN' TA NECK WITH HER!

HA-HA! THAT'D BE OKAY WITH COOKIE HERE...BECAUSE LATER, WHEN ANGELPUSS SHOWS UP, SHE'D SPOT ZOOT WITH THE GAL...AN' BRUSH HIM OFF LIKE THIS MORNIN'S TOAST CRUMBS!

20th Century

YOU GUYS ARE VERY FUNNY! YEAH...YA OUGHTA MOVE TA ALLEN'S ALLEY!

WAIT, COOKIE...THIS CLOWNIN' AROUND JUST GAVE ME AN IDEA! SUPPOSE WE DID GIVE ZOOT A BAD TIME SO HE'D QUIT ON THE BABY-SITTIN' JOB! THEN YOU COULD TAKE OVER BEFORE ANGEL GOT BACK!

GOSH, THAT'D BE PEACHY! BUT HOW...

EASY! FIRST WE ALL GO OUT TA MY HOUSE AN' BORROW SOME OF MY KID SISTER'S DUDS! THEN I PLAY A PHONEY DOCTOR AN'...BZZ BZZZZ.



Meanwhile...

HMMMM--
GUESS THIS
IS THE PLACE!

COME
IN!

RRRINNNING!

IS THAT YOU,
ANGELPUSS?

NO MA'AM! MISS
WITHERSPOON WON'T
GET HERE TILL LATER
...BUT I VOLUNTEERED
TA TAKE OVER TILL
SHE COMES!

OH! WELL, THAT WAS
VERY SWEET OF
YOU! JUST MAKE
YOURSELF AT
HOME!

I'M GOING TO LEAVE
NOW! IF YOU NEED ME,
JUST PHONE... I'M
LEAVING THE NUMBER
HERE ON THE HALL
TABLE!

DON'T WORRY,
LADY... EVERYTHING
WILL BE OKAY!

SLAM!

AN' I DO MEAN **EVERYTHING!**
BOY... DOIN' ANGEL THIS
FAVOR'LL CERTAINLY RAISE
MY STOCK WITH **HER!**

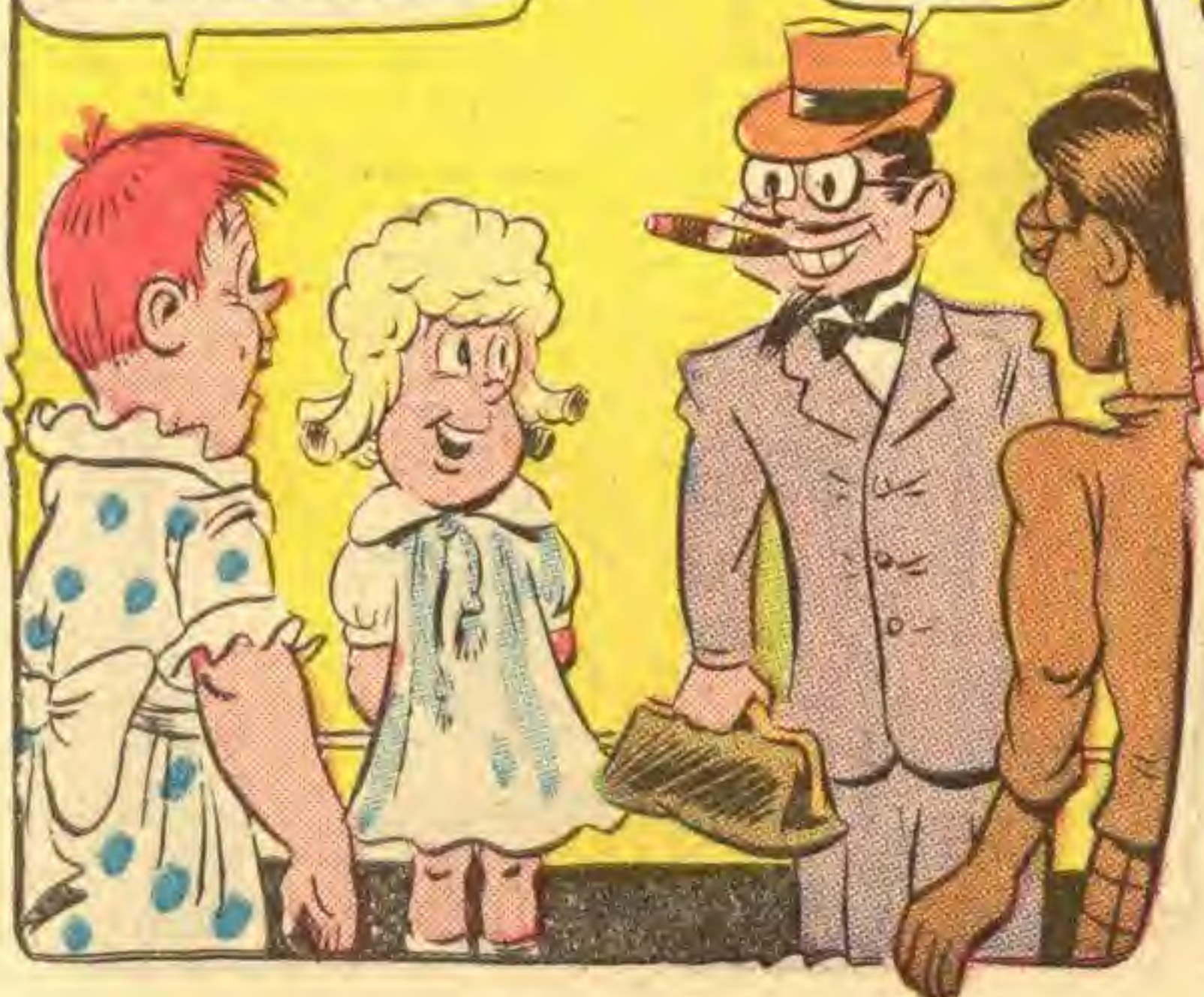
At that very moment...

HA-HA! YOU LOOK
MORE LIKE **MR. HYDE**
THAN A DOCTOR, J'IT!

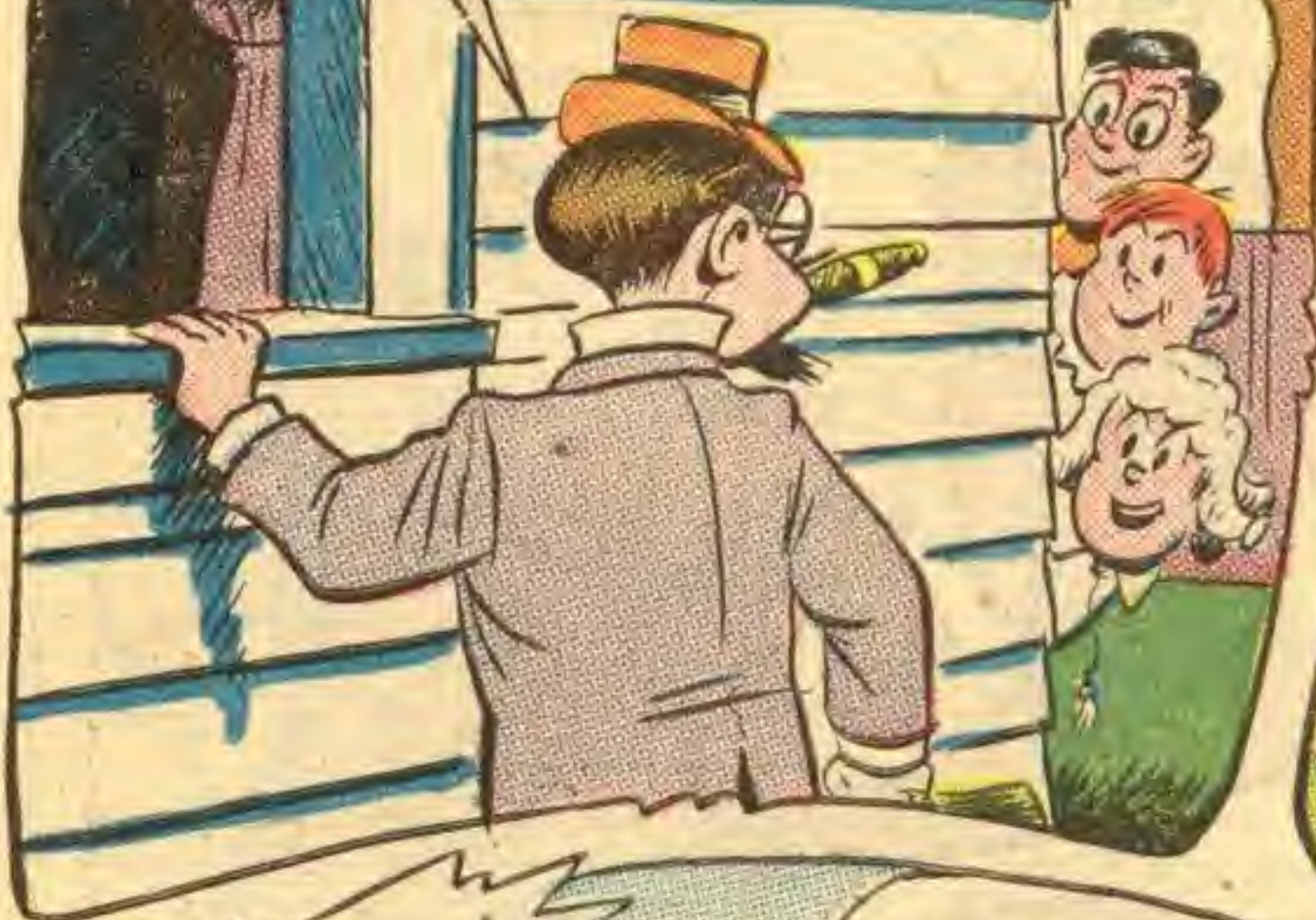
YEH, YEH... WODDEYA
SAY? **ARE WE ALL
SET?**

WOTTA PLAN!
ZOOT WON'T
KNOW WOT **HIT**
HIM!

WELL, JUST
REMEMBER, YOU
GUYS... DON'T DO
ANYTHING UNTIL--
YOU GET MY
SIGNAL!



THIS IS THE KID'S ROOM,
ALL RIGHT! NOW YOU FELLAS
KEEP OUTTA SIGHT UNTIL
I NEED YOU!



WAH!



BOO-HOO!
AWAAH!

JEEPERS!
THE KID'S
THROWIN'
A FIT!



SH-HHH! QUIET,
KID! D'YA WANNA
SPOIL EVERYTHING
FOR ME?

IT'S WORKIN'
PERFECT! NOW
TA GET AROUND
TA THE FRONT
DOOR!



WAAH!
YOW!

SH-HHH! LOOK, BABY... I'M
A JERK! LA-DE-DA...

RING!
RING!



WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER THE BELL?
I'M A **BABY SPECIALIST**! I HEARD
A BABY CRYIN'---MUST BE **SICK**!
SCRAM OUTTA THE ROOM WHILE
I EXAMINE HER!

HUH?



PSST! OKAY, COOKIE,
YOU GET IN THE CRIB!
...HERE, HEP... YOU HOLD
THE KID OUT HERE!

ROGER!

IS... IS THE
BABY OKAY,
DOC?

NOW, YES! I JUST GAVE HER
A LITTLE... OH! I'VE MADE
A TERRIBLE MISTAKE!
I GOTTA LEAVE TOWN
...FAST!

B-BUT
WOT'S
WRONG?

THAT MEDICINE I GAVE HER...
IT'S THE NEW VITAMIN
XY-4-A! IT'LL MAKE HER
GROW DOUBLE OR TRIPLE
HER SIZE, IF NOT MORE!
OH, THIS IS AWFUL!

IS THAT GUY NUTS?
I NEVER HEARD OF
SUCH STUFF! HOW
COULD A LITTLE
VITAMIN MAKE A
KID...

AWRK! HE...HE
WUZ RIGHT!
IT'S A
MONSTER!

WOW... THAT WUZ
TERRIF'! DID YA SEE
HIS KISSER?

YEH... BEAT IT NOW!
GIMME THE WIG AN'
LET ME GET IN THAT
CRIB!

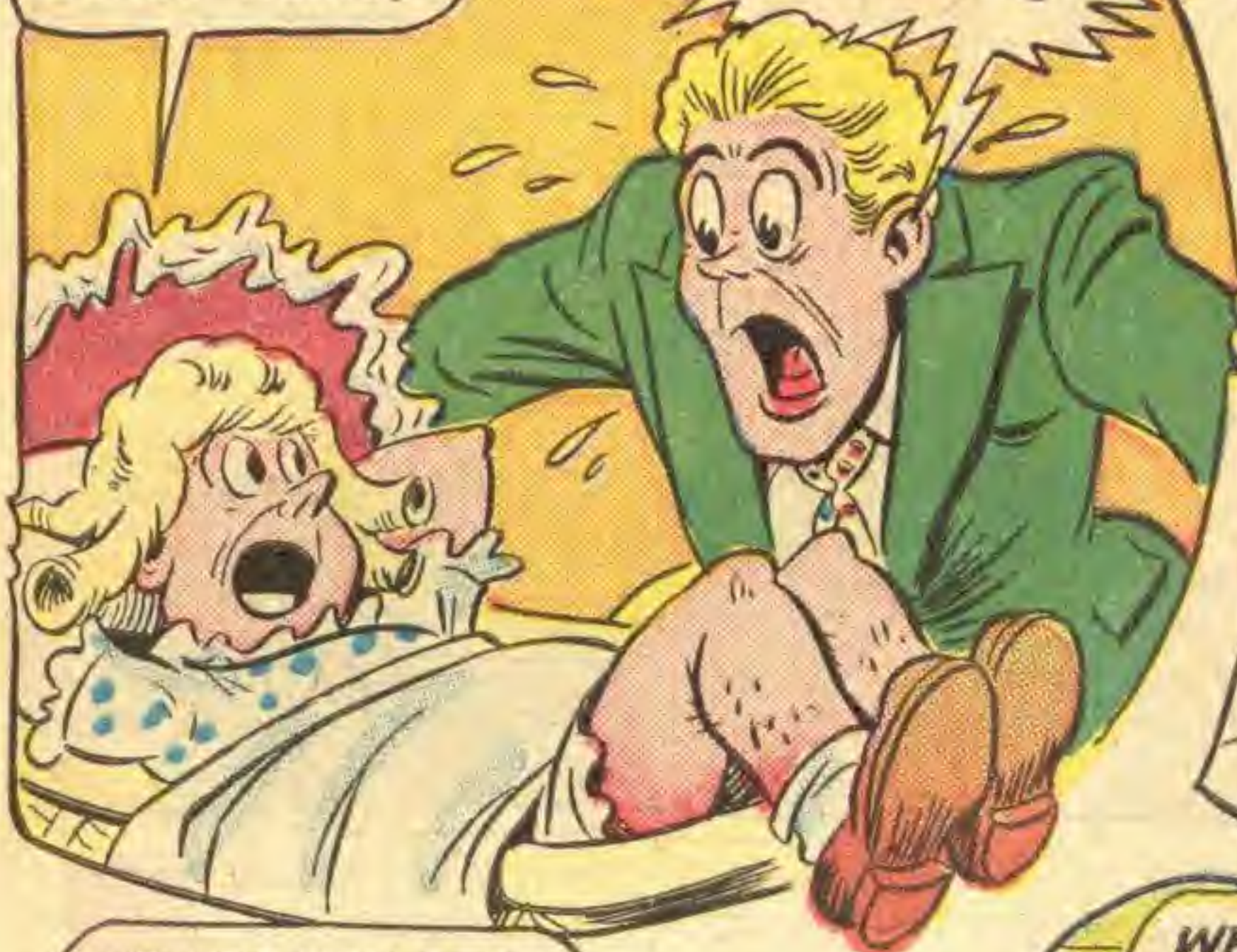
SLAM!

NO, NO... I'M JUST *IMAGININ'*
ALL THIS! IT *CAN'T* BE! IT...
IT'S JUST THAT THE DOC
SAID SO... BUT IT *COULDN'T*
HAPPEN! I'LL LOOK AGAIN
... AN' REASSURE MYSELF...



HIYA, JOIKY!
WHEN'S MOM
COMIN' HOME?

HALP!



OKAY, HEP... YOU'VE
HAD *YOUR* FUN!
NOW IT'S *MY*
TURN!



HELLO? HELLO? IS
THIS CYNTHIA'S
M-MOTHER?

YES!

WELL, YA BETTER GET HOME
QUICK... BEFORE YER DAUGHTER
BECOMES YER GRANDMOTHER!
IT'S URGENT!

...SLAM!

HELLO!
HELLO!
WHAT...

?

?





SOMETHING **WRONG**, CATHERINE?

I... I DONT **KNOW**! YOU'LL HAVE TO PLAY WITHOUT ME FOR A FEW MINUTES WHILE I RUN HOME AND SEE! I'LL BE BACK!



GOLLY... I HOPE SHE HURRIES UP AN' GETS HERE **F-FAST**! THERE'S NO TELLIN' **WOT'LL ... ULP!**

HI, **GLAMOR-BOY!**



N-NOW LOOK, BABY... I MEAN... I MEAN... AIN'T YOU A LITTLE **YOUNG** FOR THIS KINDA STUFF? I MEAN... **HEY!**

MMMM-MMM... CYNTHIA'S JUST **GA-GA** ABOUT CURLY-HEADED JERKS! **YUM!**

SMACK!



LAY OFF, KID! I...

SWING IT, JACKSON!

PSST!



YEH?

CRASH!

THE KID'S MOTHER'S COMIN' DOWN THE STREET! WE PUT CYNTHIA BACK IN THE CRIB... NOW YOU SCRAM, QUICK!



OH-HHH! IF IT WUZNT FOR **ANGELPUSS**, I'D DUCK THIS JOINT IN A **MINUTE!**

SLAM!

I BETTER GET THIS LIPSTICK OFF BEFORE ANGEL GETS HERE! SHE'D NEVER UNDERSTAND!

PSST! THERE'S CYNTHIA'S MA NOW!

THIS OUGHTA BE GOOD!

OH-OH... THAT SOUNDED LIKE THE KID'S DOOR AGAIN! THIS TIME I'M ALMOST AFRAID TA LOOK!

WOO-
WOO!

WELL?

NOW, NOW, BABY... DON'T BE SORE! HOW DID I KNOW YOU'D GROW UP LIKE THIS? COME TA PAPA!

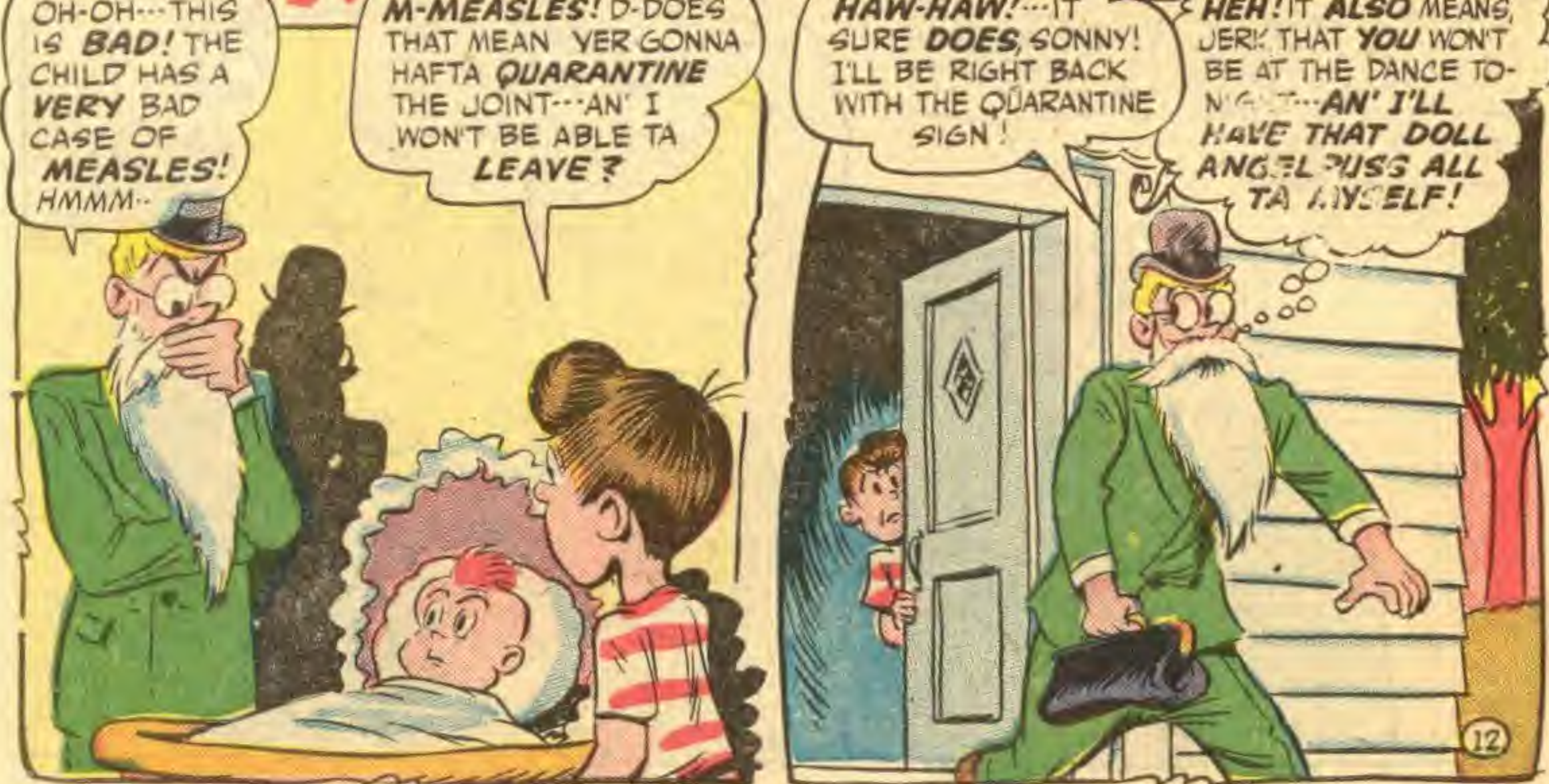
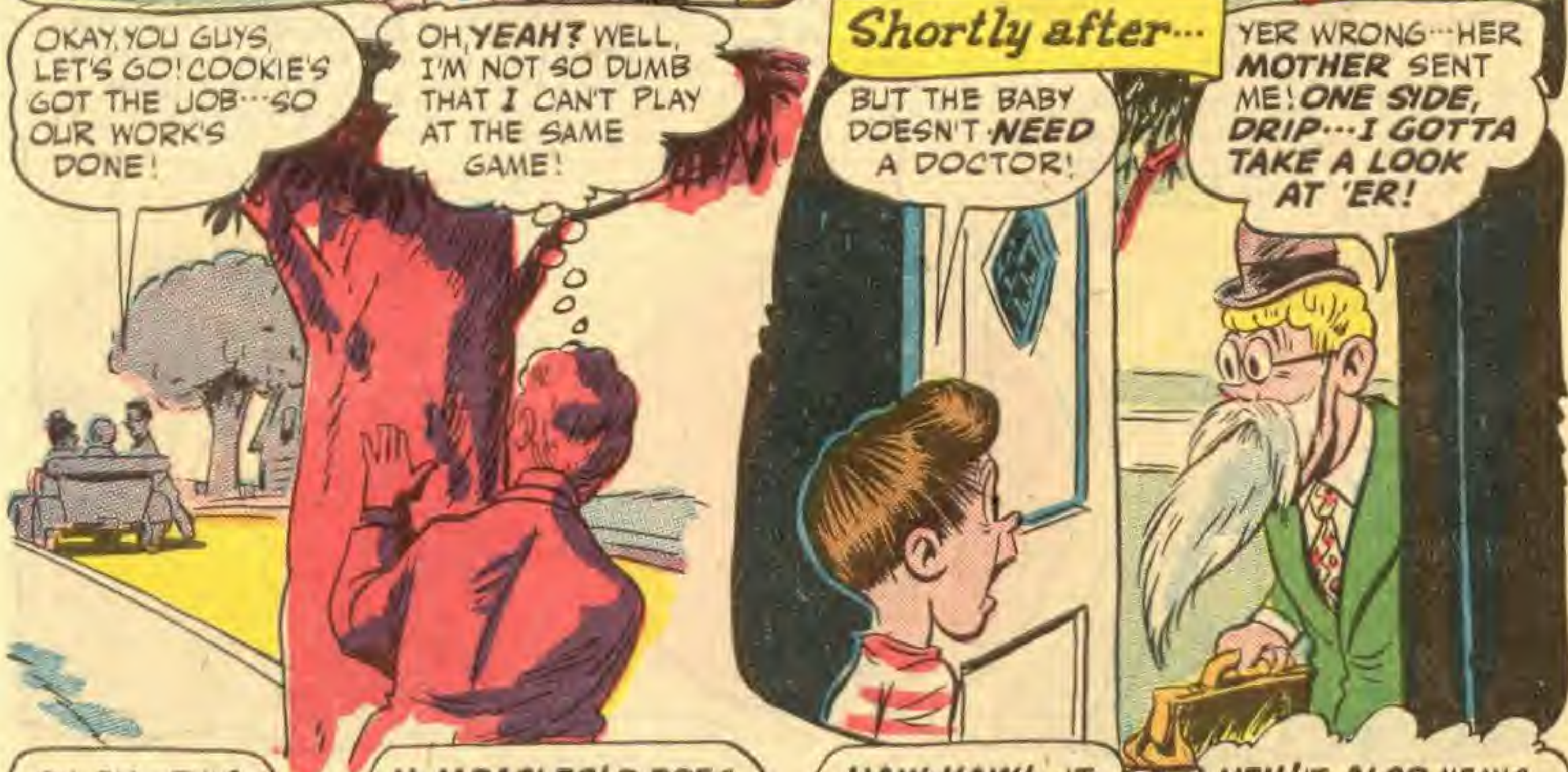
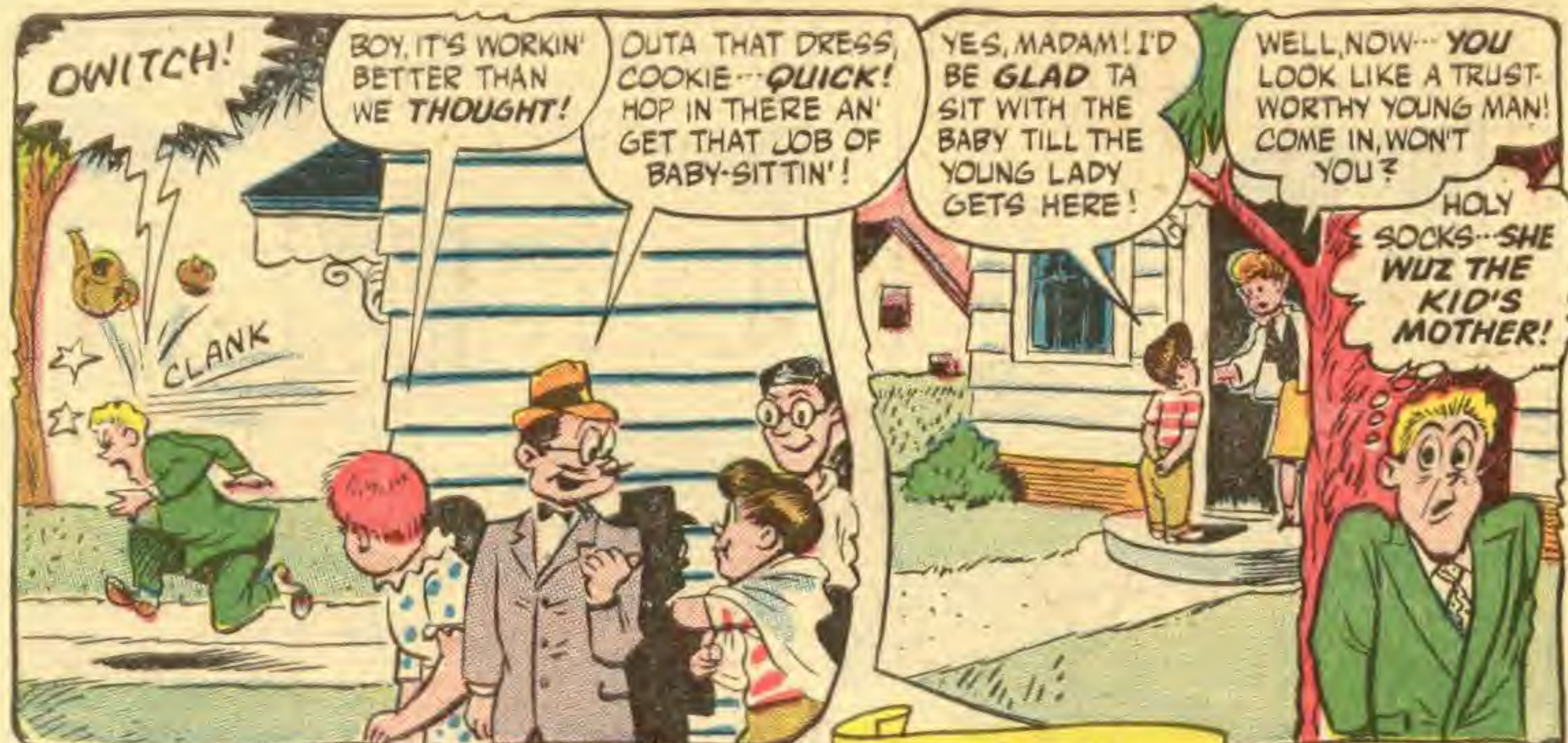
SLAM!

THAT'S IT, DOLL... NOW WE'LL JUST PICK UP WHERE WE LEFT OFF WHEN YOU WERE SWEET SIXTEEN!

W-WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

GET OUT OF HERE, YOU WOLF!

OW! OKAY... I'LL GO!



HOLY HANNAH... THIS IS TERRIBLE!
IF CYNTHIA'S MOTHER'D ONLY GET HERE
BEFORE THAT DOC GETS BACK WITH
THE SIGN, I'D DUCK!



HI, COOKIE! I'M
HERE TO TAKE OVER!
YOU CAN GO NOW...
SEE YOU AT THE
DANCE!



ANGELPUSS! YOU...
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE
COME IN HERE... THE
BABY HAS **MEASLES**,
AN'...



SH-HHH!
WHAT'S THAT
HAMMERING
FOR?

OH-HHH! IT'S THE
M.D., HANGIN' UP A
QUARANTINE SIGN!
WE'RE STUCK! WE
CAN'T GO TO THE
DANCE NOW!

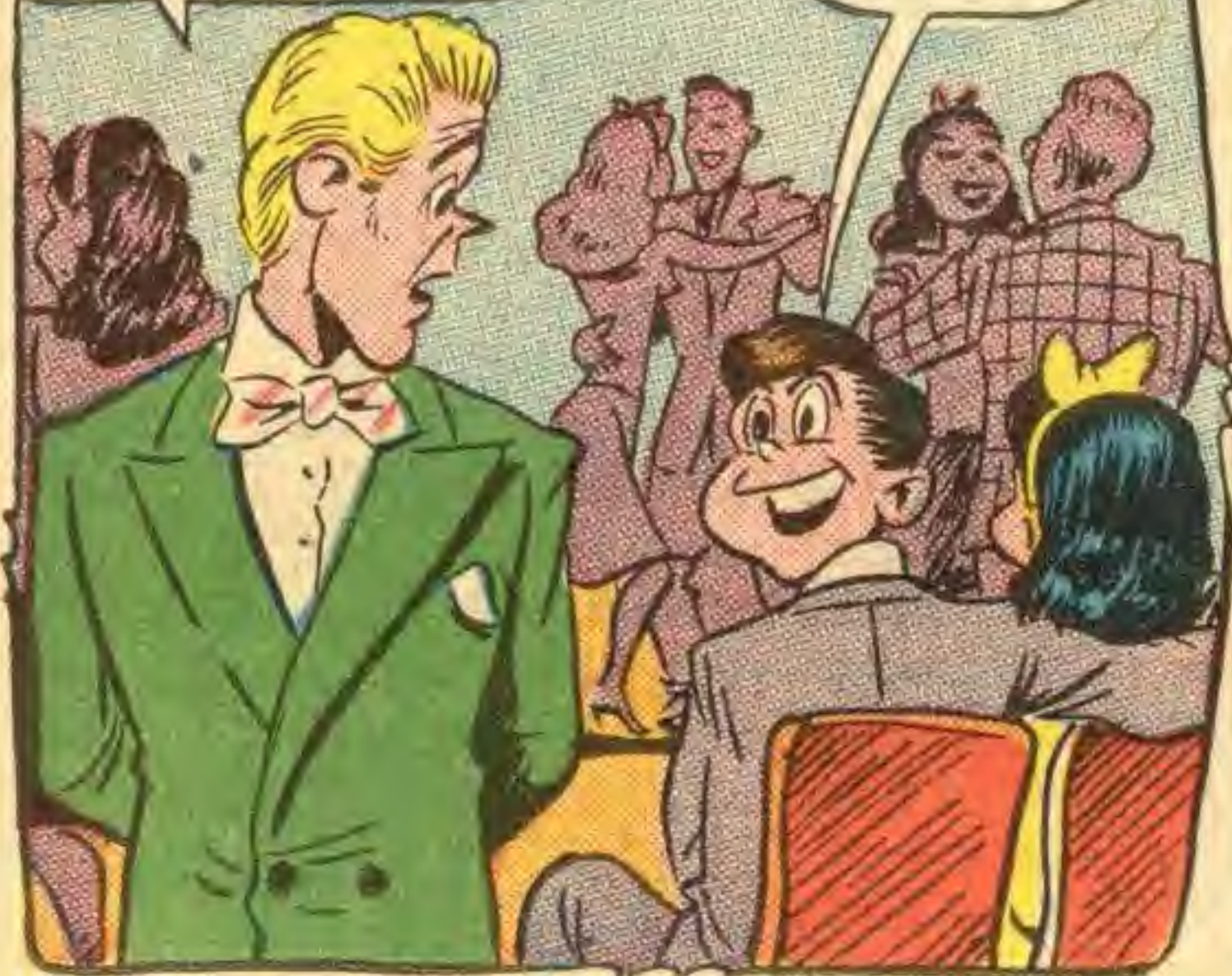
BANG!
BANG!
BAM!



*That night... at
the big dance...*

HEY, JIT... WHY D'YA
SUPPOSE **ANGELPUSS**
DIDN'T SHOW UP?

WOULDN'T
YA **LOVE**
TA KNOW?
HA-HA!



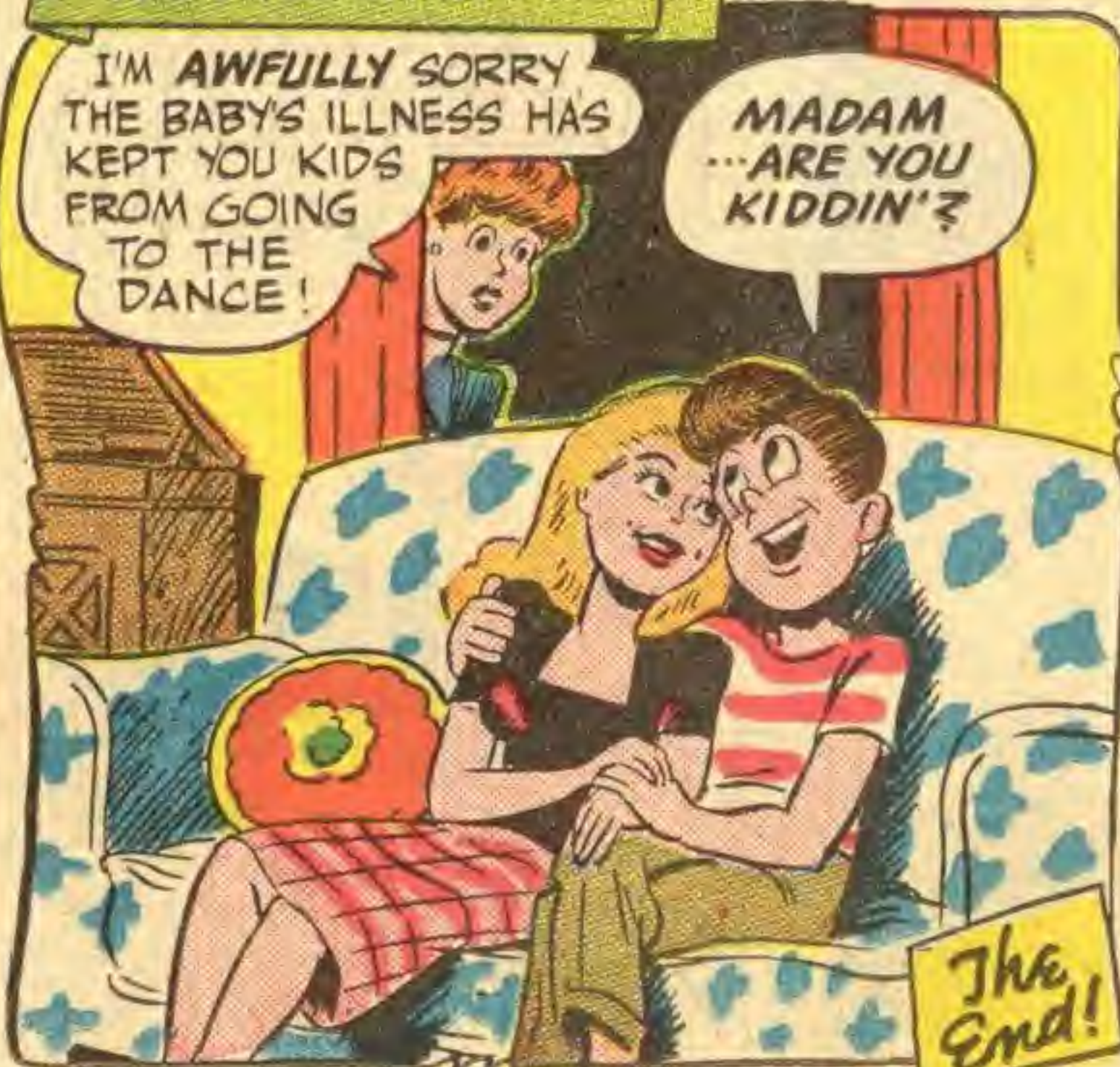
HAW-HAW-HAW! I CAN'T
WAIT TO SEE **COOKIE'S**
KISSER WHEN HE FINDS
OUT THE WHOLE THING'S
A GAG... **AN' I'VE MADE**
A JERK OUTA HIM!



And meanwhile...

I'M **AWFULLY** SORRY
THE BABY'S ILLNESS HAS
KEPT YOU KIDS
FROM GOING
TO THE
DANCE!

MADAM
...ARE YOU
KIDDIN'?



**The
End!**

Angelpuss ATHLETE

AS Angelpuss walked past the Soda Jerkerie, she could hear two voices in loud discussion.

"Yeah," Jitterbuck Jones was saying, "that girl is some athlete, Cook! Did'ja see her make four baskets in a row?"

"You said it!" Cookie O'Toole agreed enthusiastically. "She's good enough to play on our team!"

"Hmph!" Angelpuss sniffed. "Sarah Sidesaddle! What's *she* got that *I* haven't got? Muscles! I'll show that Cookie O'Toole I'm as good as she is any day!"

That was the start of Angel's athletic career. When Miss Witherspoon made up her mind to do something, she *did* it—as Cookie soon found out! He phoned her that evening for a coke date, but Angel turned him down.

"Sorry, Cookie," she said sweetly, "but I'm in training!"

"Training!" yelled Cookie. "What for?"

"For the girls' basketball team," Angel replied sweetly. "G'night, now. It's eight o'clock and time for bed!"

"But, Angelpuss—" Cookie started to object, but a sharp click told him that the phone conversation was over.

And that, to Cookie's infinite disgust, was the way things went for a solid week. Every time he wanted to take Angel dancing or to

the movies or bowling, she always said, "Sorry, Cookie—coach's orders!"

For Angelpuss was determined to show that *she* too could be an athletic star, and she meant to do it soon—at the Harelip-Central girl's basketball game that very next Thursday, to be exact!

The gym was crowded that evening, as Angelpuss, feeling self-conscious in her basketball togs, trotted out on the floor with her team. She looked around, and saw Cookie and the crowd right up in front, near the court. "I'll show *him*!" she said. "Sarah Sidesaddle!"

It was the last period of the game, and the score was tied—forty-forty, and only one minute to play! Throughout the game, Angel had been waiting for a chance to distinguish herself, but that muscle-bound Sarah Sidesaddle had kept leaping in front of her, grabbing the ball, shooting the baskets, and making a show of herself.

"It's my *only* chance!" Angelpuss was desperate. "If I can score for our side now, I'll win the game for Harelip High. *Then* that'll show that conceited Sidesaddle—and Cookie!"

Suddenly, the girl in front of Angel wheeled aside, and there was the ball, large as life, sailing straight towards Angel's hands! A roar went up from the Harelip High fans!

"Shoot, Witherspoon, *shoot*!" they chanted in unison.

As Angel reached for the ball, a horrible thought stabbed through her mind. "My manicure!" she said. "I'll *ruin* my manicure!"

The whistle sounded. The game was over, and Angel Witherspoon had *not* won for Harelip. She had had a chance to win—but she muffed it! Miserable, she faced the cold stare of Sarah Sidesaddle in the dressing room. Sadly, she got into her street clothes. All her self-respect was gone. "I'm a failure!" she kept thinking.

All alone, she left the dressing room by a side entrance. Tears filled her eyes as she started the lonely walk home, when suddenly, a familiar, joyous voice hailed her.

"Hi, Angel!" said Cookie O'Toole. "Whadaya say to a coke?"

"Oh, Cookie," wailed Angelpuss, "how can you speak to me? I wanted to be athletic and win for Harelip High, just like Sarah Sidesaddle, but I let a little thing like a *manicure* stop me! I'll never be a heroine!"

"Who wants ya ta be?" demanded Cookie. "I like ya just as ya are!"

Angelpuss blushed.



CINDY

★ THUD! THUMP! BUMP! THUD! ★

WHAT'S GOING ON
UP IN CINDY'S
ROOM, ALICE?

SHE'S PRACTICING
SOME NEW JITTER-
BUG STEPS!

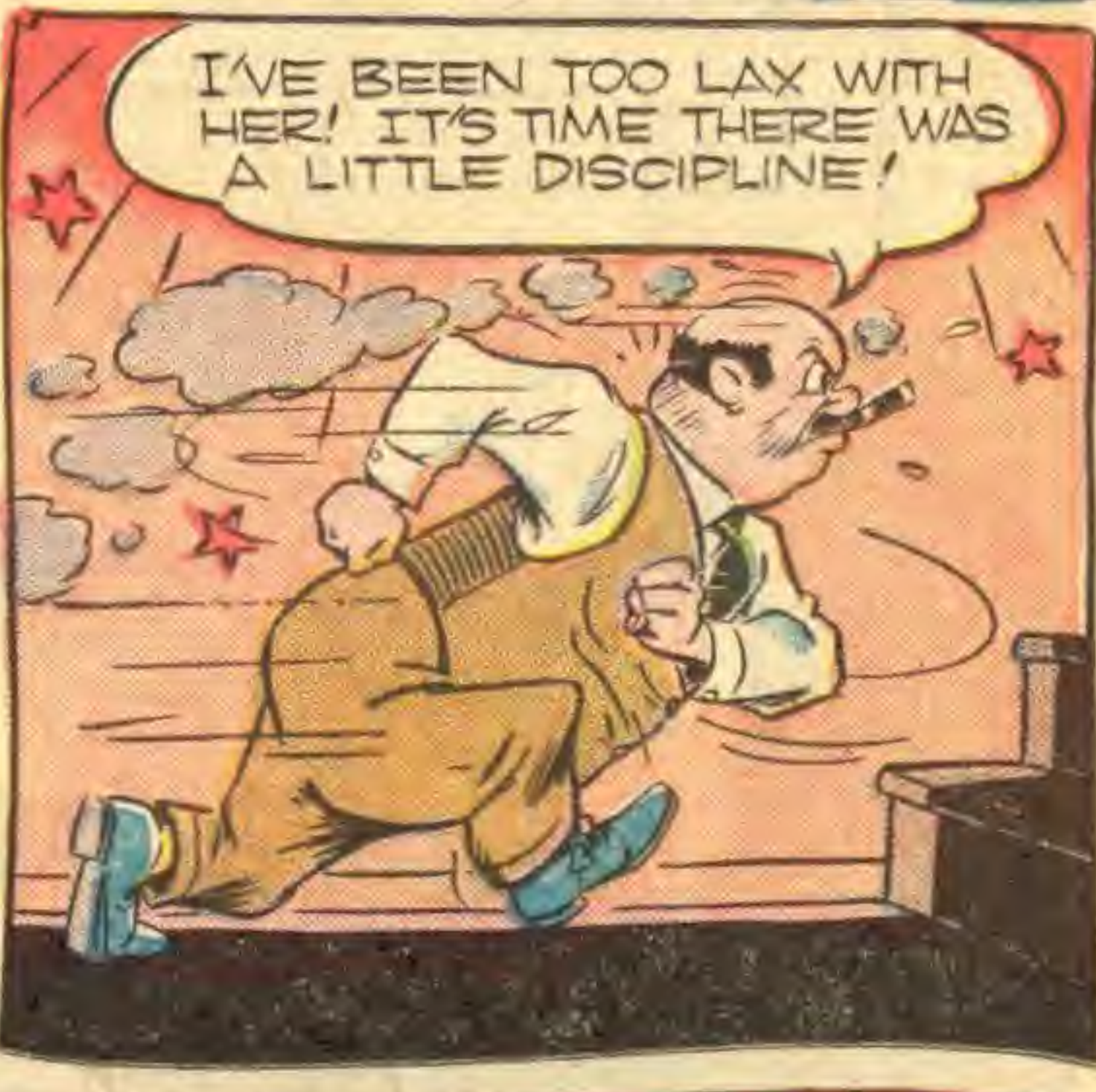
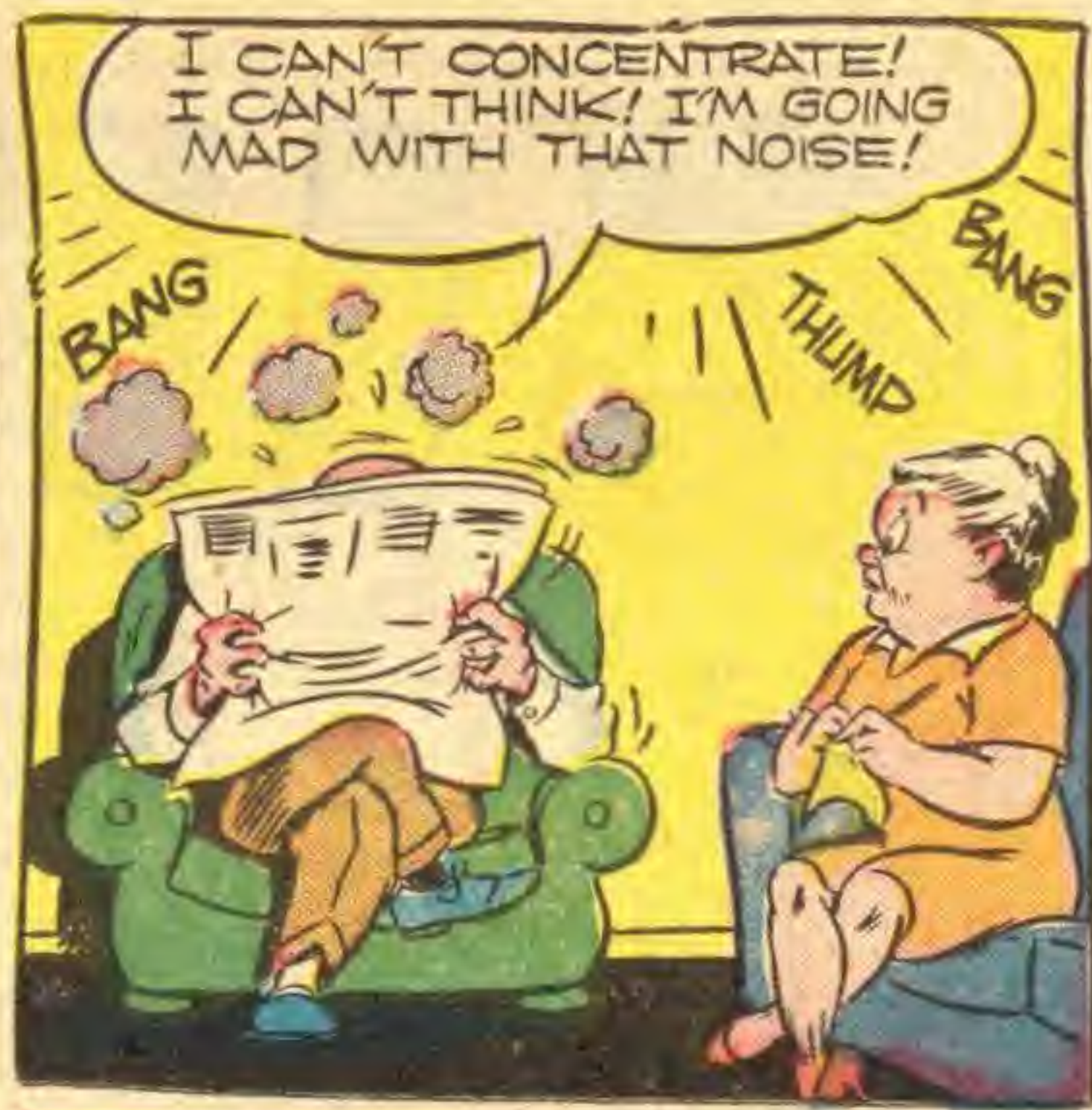
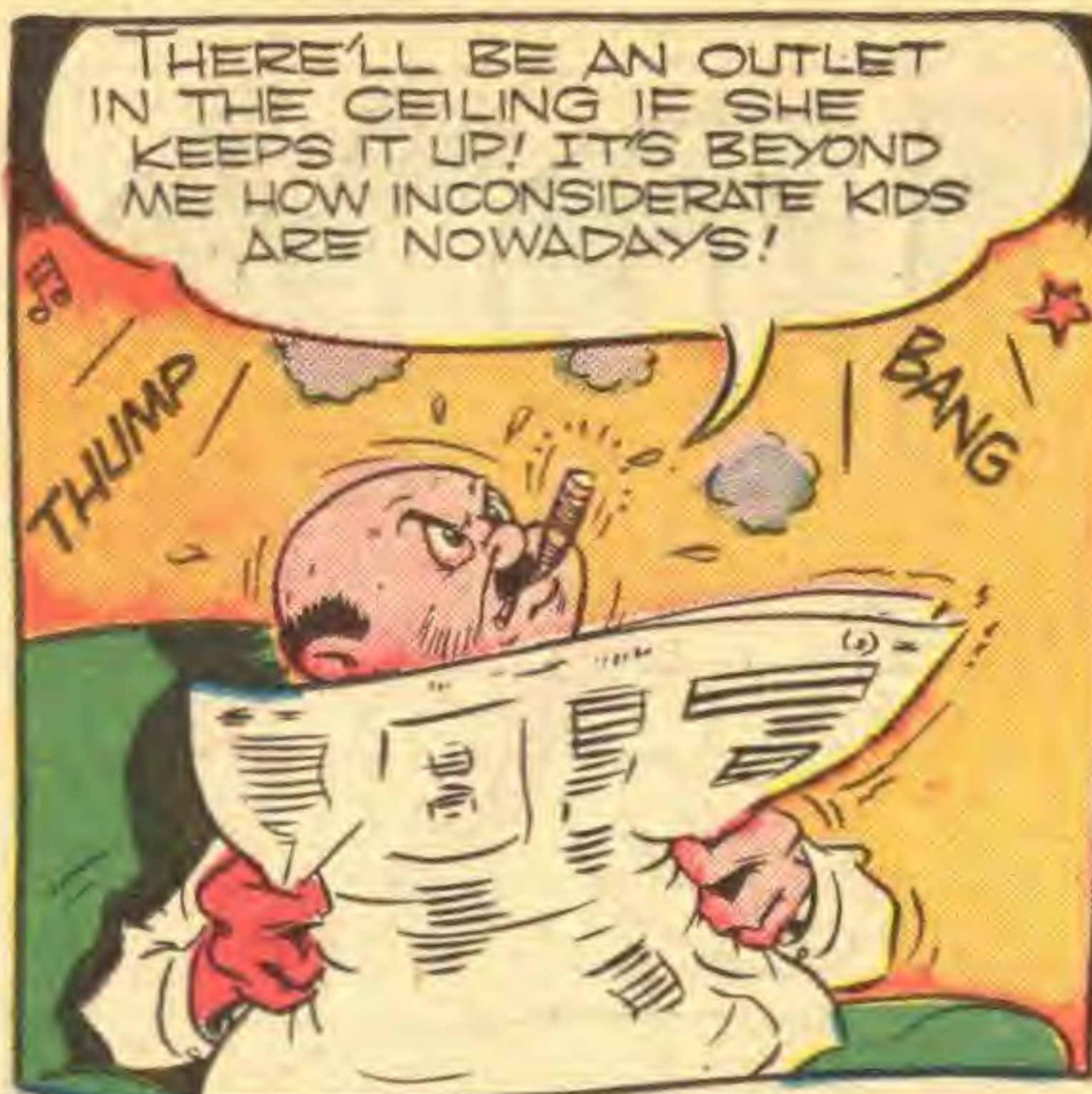


HUMMRPH! DRIVE
A SANE MAN CRAZY!
WHY DOES SHE HAVE
TO PRACTICE WHEN
I WANT TO READ?

I CAN'T HEAR
MYSELF THINK
WITH THAT
RACKET GOING
ON!

BUT, GEORGE, IT'S
AN OUTLET FOR HER
ENERGY-AND BESIDES,
IT KEEPS HER WEIGHT
DOWN!







TEENTALES

Al Hartley

IT WAS SO NICE OF YOU TO GIVE ME THIS DANCE!

NOT AT ALL! THIS IS A CHARITY BALL!

GREAT SCOTT! I'VE FORGOTTEN WHO WROTE "IVANHOE!"

I'LL TELL YOU IF YOU'LL TELL ME WHO THE DICKENS WROTE "THE TALE OF TWO CITIES!"

I'M TERRIBLY WORRIED! I WROTE JACK IN MY LAST LETTER THAT I HAD TOLD HIM I DIDN'T MEAN TO RECONSIDER MY DECISION NOT TO CHANGE MY MIND, AND HE SEEMS TO HAVE MISUNDERSTOOD ME!

MUST WE SAY GOOD NIGHT, DREAMBOAT?

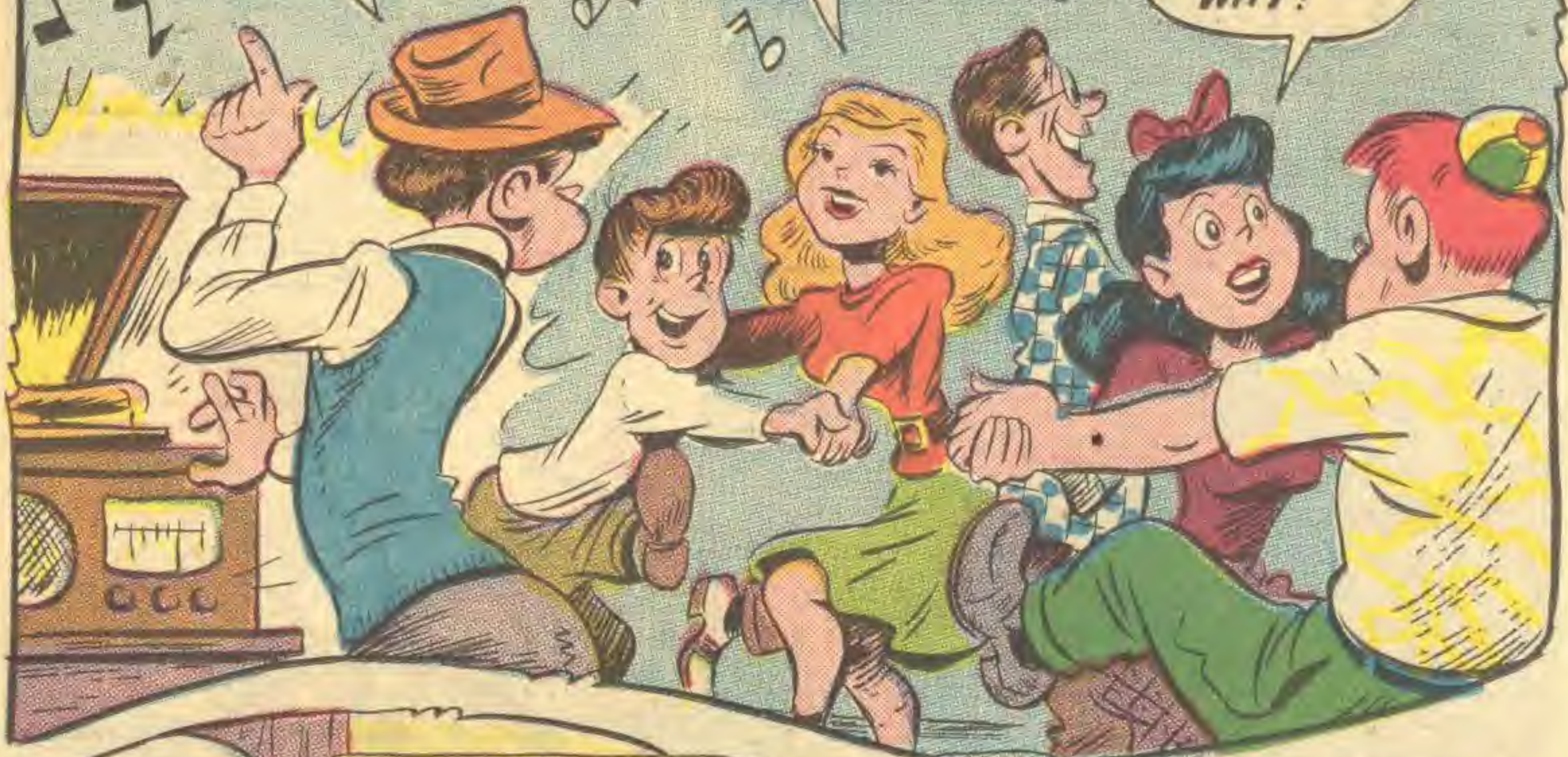
NO-O-O, SNOOK-UMS! WAIT A FEW MINUTES -- AND SAY GOOD MORNING!

COOKIE

GEE, COOKIE, YOUR
POP SURE FIXED UP
THIS BASEMENT
SWELL!

... AND IT'S *SO* NICE
OF HIM TO LET YOU
HAVE THE CROWD IN
LIKE THIS!

MY DAD WON'T
FIX UP *OUR*
CELLAR... I
WONDER
WHY!



HUH?
WHAT'S THAT
ABOUT THE
CRIME WAVE?

I SAID THEY CALL THE
CRIMINAL "**THE FUSE-BOX
BANDIT**," BECAUSE IN EVERY
CASE, THE VICTIM'S LIGHTS
FAIL JUST BEFORE HE
ATTACKS! **HMPH!** IF OUR
MAYOR WEREN'T A HALF-
CRACKED OLD...

WOT
THE...!

THE LIGHTS!
POP... DO YOU
SUPPOSE IT
COULD BE THAT
BANDIT?



NONSENSE, MOM! BUT IF IT WERE,
I'D KISS HIM FOR QUIETING THAT
JUKE BOX DOWNSTAIRS, EVEN
FOR A MINUTE! GOSH, IT'S
PEACEFUL!

YES... BUT I'M
WORRIED!



Meanwhile...
downstairs...

HEY, COOKIE...
WHERE ARE YOU?
WOT HAPPENED TO
THE LIGHTS?

A FUSE, I THINK
...THERE! I GOT
IT IN NOW!

Y'KNOW, THAT
SOUNDED LIKE
YER OLD MAN
YELLIN'!

YEH, JITTERBUCK! PROBABLY
PUT HIS FINGER IN A SOCKET
AN' CAUSED THAT SHORT
CIRCUIT!



MOM! POP!
WOT HAPPENED?

WELL, IT AIN'T
NO SHORT
CIRCUIT,
COOKIE!

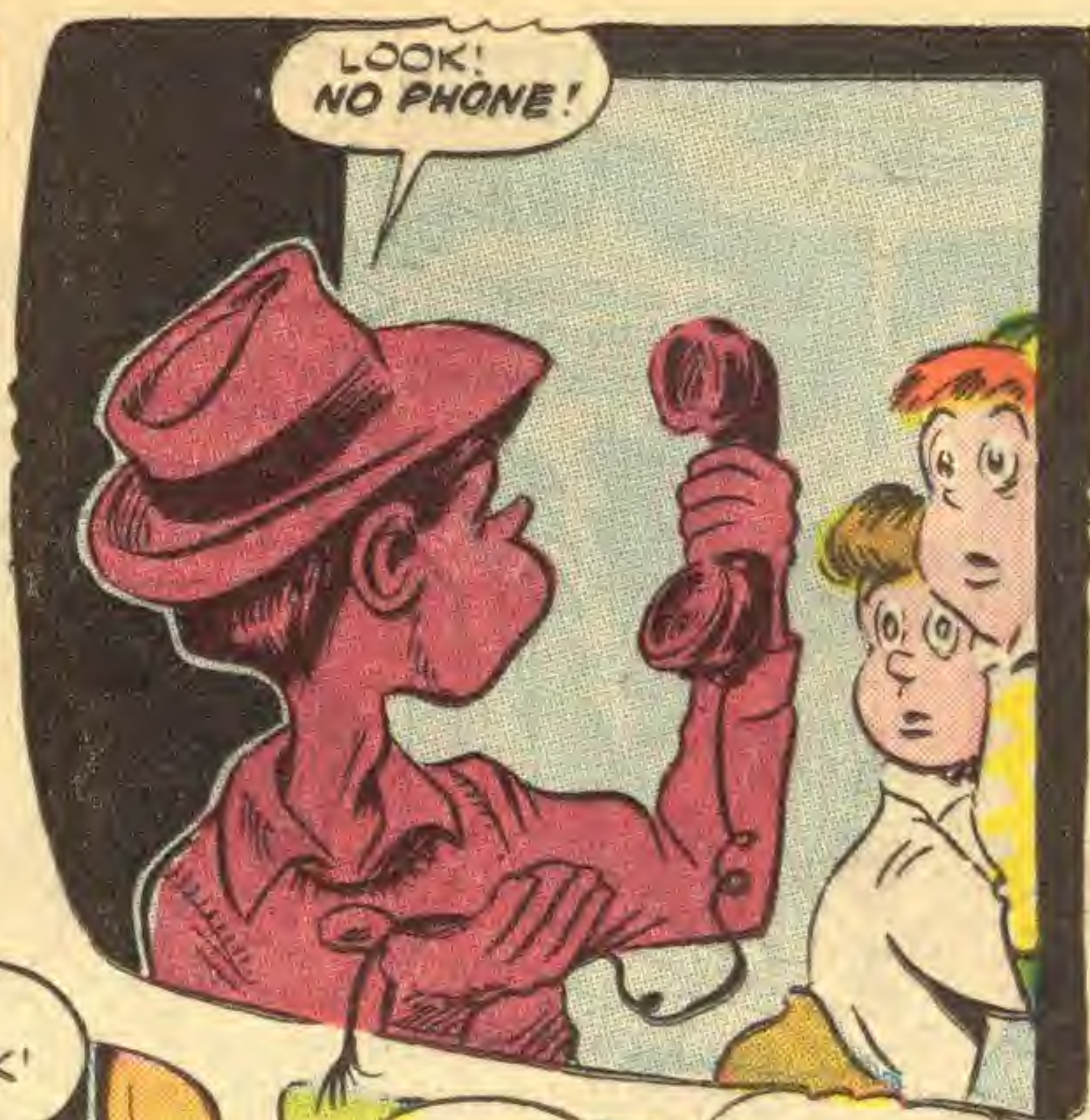
HAVE...
HAVE THEY
BEEN ROBBED?

YEAH!
SOMEBODY
CALL THE COPS,
QUICK!





WHY,
THAT
DIRTY
CROOK!



LOOK!
NO PHONE!



C'MON, GANG... INTO
THE CAR! WE GOTTA
GET TO THE POLICE!

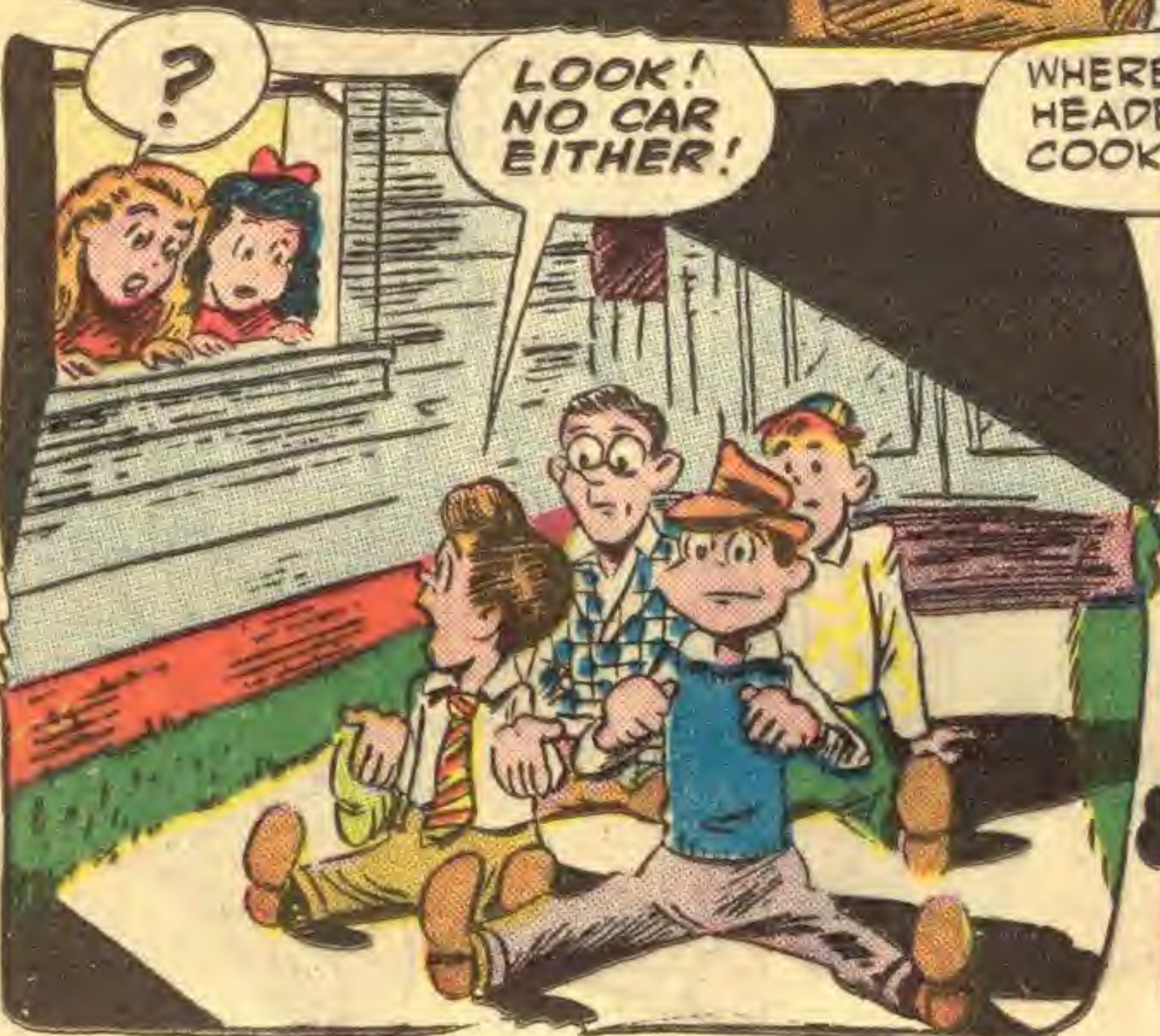
CHECK!



OW!

DOCH!

CRASH!
BAM!



?

LOOK!
NO CAR
EITHER!

WHERE WE
HEADED
COOKIE?



TO THE SODA
JERKERIE! WE
CAN CALL THE COPS
FROM THERE!

...BUT OFFICER! MY
POP...HE'S BEEN
ROBBED, AN'...

GURRRK...
ARK...BLEEF
...GRONNNK!

YEAH, BUT...

YEAH, BUT...

YEAH, BUT...

YEAH, BUT...

WOT'D
HE SAY,
COOKIE?

JEEPERS! HE SEZ
THERE'S BEEN 29
ROBBERIES IN THE
PAST TWO HOURS...
AN' HE'S RUN
OUTTA COPS!

GLEEF!

MMMBLIP!

SKRONK!

NOW
WOT'LL
WE DO?

SH-HH!
LISTEN!

FLASH! MAYOR
WHIFFENPOOF HAS
JUST POSTED A
REWARD OF \$2500
FOR THE FUSE-
BOX BANDIT!

WHO SAID THE
MAYOR WAS
CRACKED?
WOW! WE'RE
GONNA GET
THAT REWARD,
GANG!

OH,
COOKIE!
YOU'RE SO
BRAVE!

BRAVE
...HIM?
HAW-HAW!

HUH! I CAN JUST SEE
SHORTY HERE ON THE
SCENT WHEN A GUY
SNEAKS UP FROM
BEHIND AN' SAYS...

HANDS
UP!

HO-HO! HOW D'YA
LIKE THAT? HE
FAINTED!

BUT HOW'LL WE
KNOW WHERE TO
LOOK FOR THE
BANDIT, COOKIE?

WE'LL JUST HAFTA
WAIT FOR THE
NEXT ROBBERY
TO BE REPORTED
...AN' TRACK HIM
FROM THERE!

GOOD
IDEA,
COOKIE!

HOW'S
LION-HEART
DOING?

HE'S COMIN' AROUND
AWRIGHT, ANGELPUSS!
AIN'T HE THE **HERO**,
THOUGH?



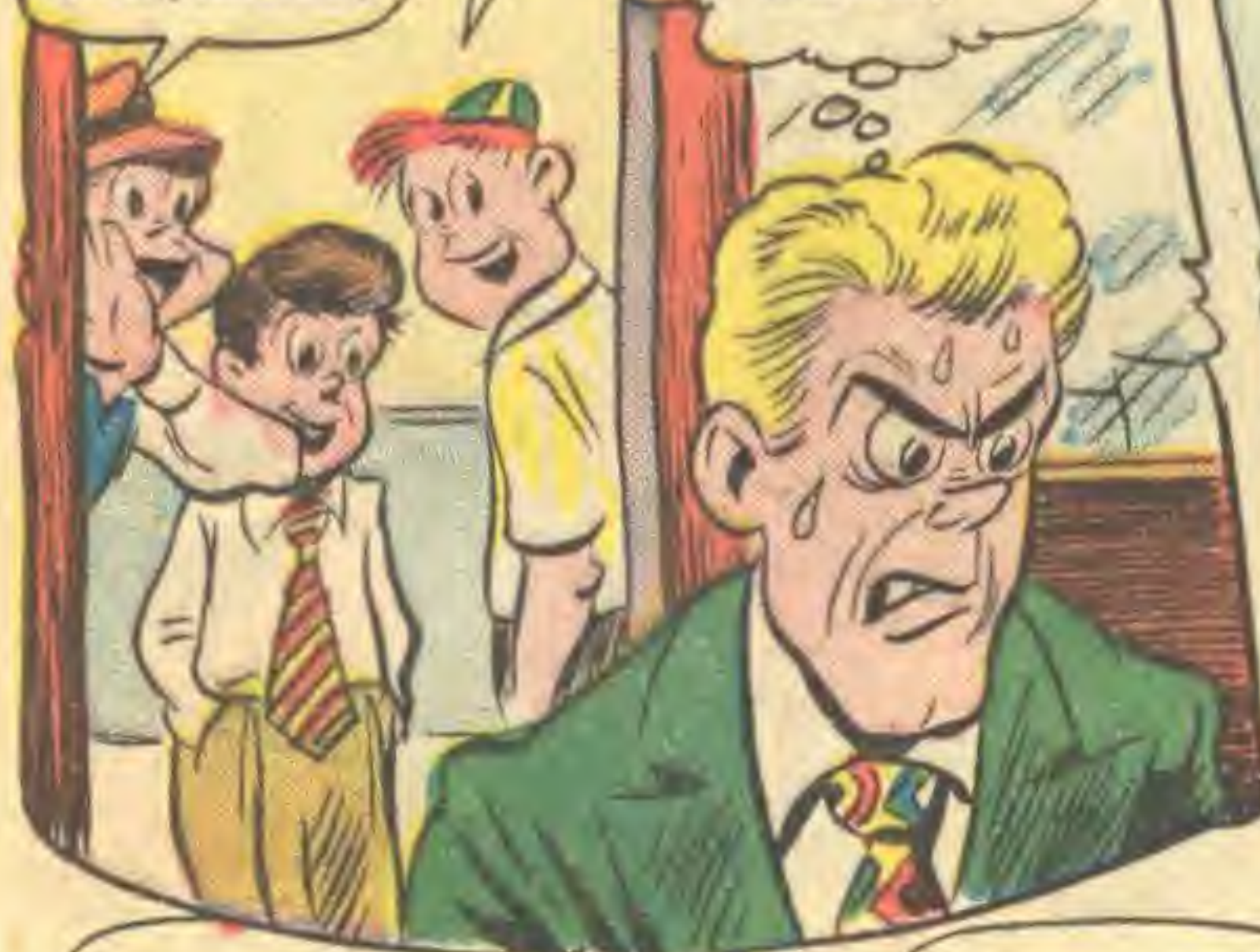
**WATCH
OUT FOR
THE BOOGEY-
MAN, ZOOT!**

**HA-
HA!**

**GR-RRR...I'LL
EVEN THINGS WITH
YOU GUYS... OR
ELSE!**

I GOTTA MAKE A BUM
OUTTA COOKIE NOW...
OR I'M **SUNK** WITH
ANGELPUSS!

**EEEEK!
D-DON'T
SHOOT!**



ONLY A **DUMMY!**
GOOD THING NOBODY
SAW ME...

**HEY, WAIT...
THAT DUMMY!
THAT'S IT!**

I'LL JUST DISGUISE MY VOICE
AN' CALL THE **SODA JERKERIE!**
I'LL TELL 'EM I SAW A MAN
BEIN' HELD UP...



YEH, THIS IS COOKIE... YES, SIR! A HOLDUP? MAIN AN' ELM STREETS, YA SAY? JEEPERS!... YESSIR! RIGHT AWAY, SIR!



THAT WUZ HEADQUARTERS, ASKIN' MY HELP! C'MON, FELLAS... THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO COLLECT THAT REWARD!

YAHOO! LET'S GO!



THERE! THAT STICK'LL LOOK LIKE A GUN... AN' IN THE DARK, THEY'LL NEVER RECOGNIZE ME!... OH-OH! HERE THEY COME!

HALP! POLICE! I'M BEIN' LARCENIED!

THERE HE IS, GUYS! GET 'IM!



DROP THAT GUN, YA BUM!

I GOT HIM!

BULL'S-EYE! IT WORKED PERFECTLY!

YA MUST'VE KNOCKED HIM OUT, JIT!

YEH... HE'S AS STIFF AS A PLANK! LET'S GET HIM TO JAIL BEFORE HE COMES TO!



A CLOTHES DUMMY?

BUT CHIEF! SOMEBODY CALLED AN' SAID THERE WAS A HOLDUP, AN'...

YEAH---I KNOW, BOYS! SOMEBODY PLAYED A JOKE ON YOU! IF YOU WANT TO HELP, THAT'S FINE---BUT DONT DO ANYTHING UNLESS I CALL YOU **MYSELF**, SEE?

LATER...

SURE---IT WUZ ME! HAW-HAW!



NOW LOOK, FELLAS... WAIT! HAVEN'T YA G-GOT A SENSE OF HUMOR?

NO, BOYS... STOP!



ZOOT, I THINK THAT WAS THE **CHEAPEST** TRICK I EVER HEARD OF! I NEVER WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN!

BUT ANGELPUSS! I ONLY...



HIS **EGO** IS BUSTED! THAT'S EVEN BETTER'N BEATIN' HIM UP!

CREEP!



WELL, PUNK, YA REALLY FIXED
YERSELF WITH THAT CHICK
THIS TIME, DIDN'T YA?

**AW,
SHUT
UP!**

NOW, NOW... DON'T GET SORE!
YOU KNOW... IF YOU **REALLY**
FIXED COOKIE, SHE'D HAFTA
TURN TO YOU... AN'...

OKAY, OKAY!
BUT HOW DO
I FIX HIM?

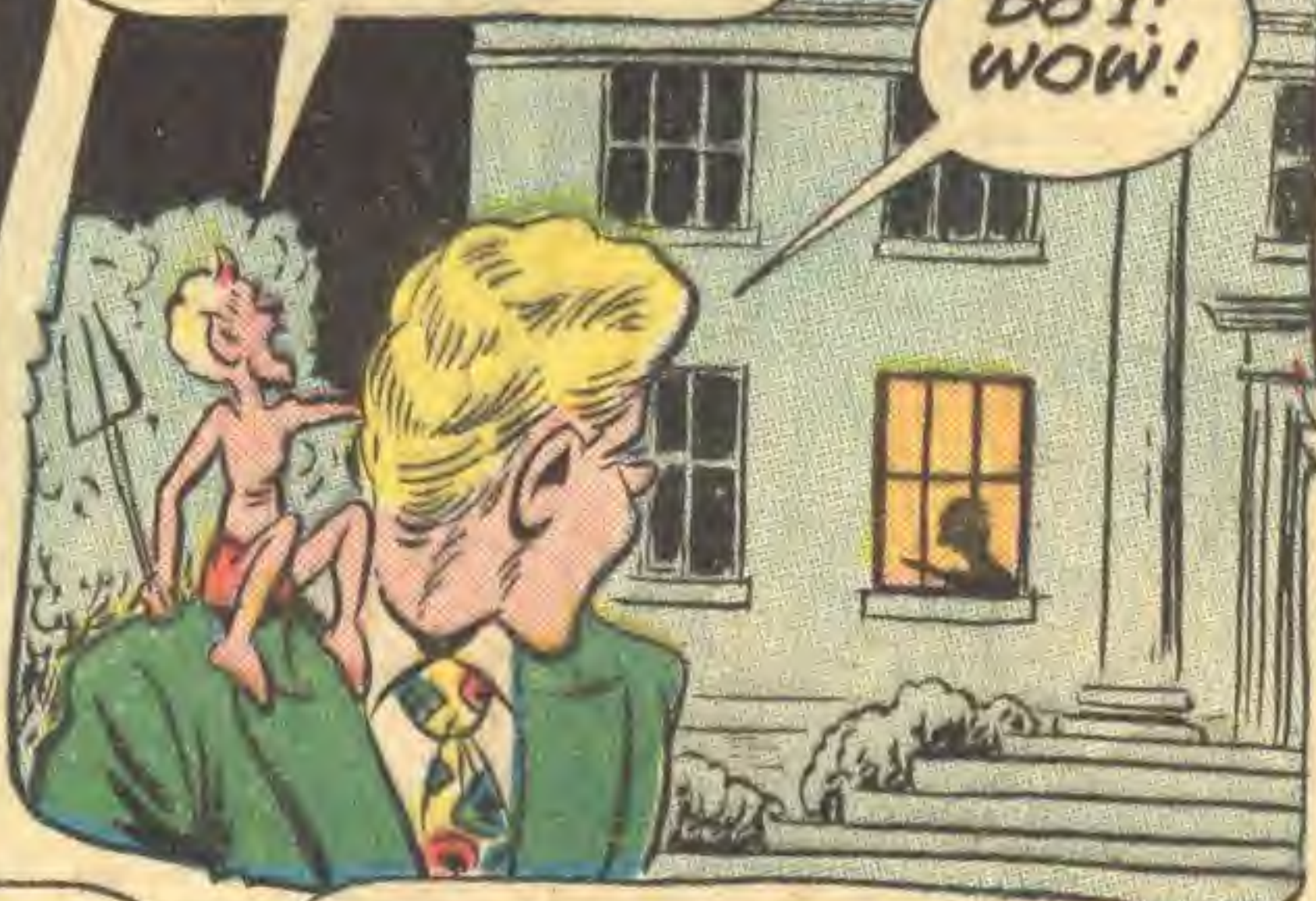


WELL, YOU HEARD THE GUYS
SAY THE **CHIEF** WOULD CALL
THEM IF HE NEEDED THEM,
DIDN'T YOU?

SO
WOT?

JUST TAKE A GANDER AT THE CITY
HALL AN' YOU'LL NOTICE THE MAYOR
IS WORKIN' OVERTIME! NOW, JUST
SUPPOSIN' HE WAS MISTOOK FOR
A CROOK... **GET IT?**

**DO I!
WOW!**

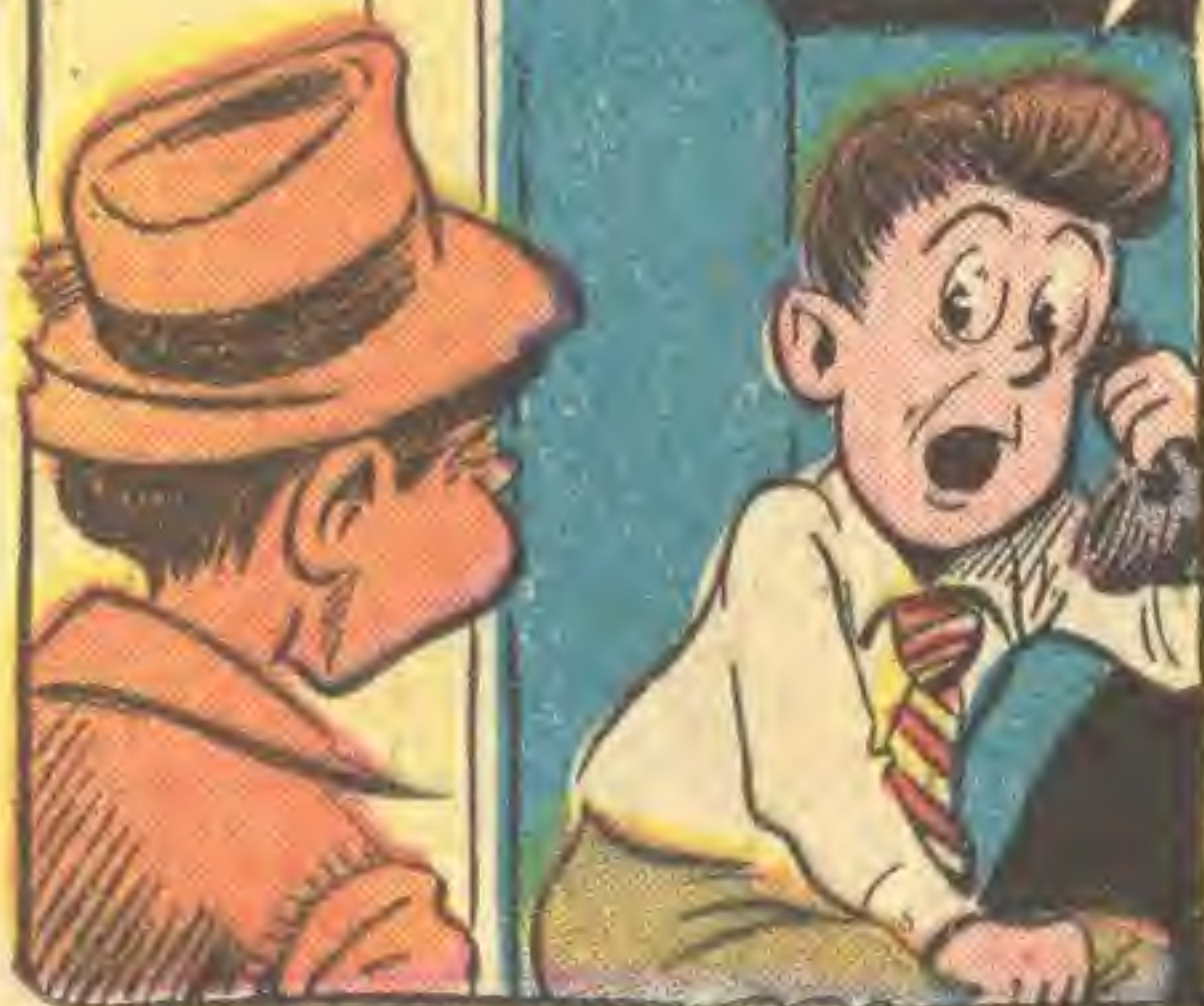


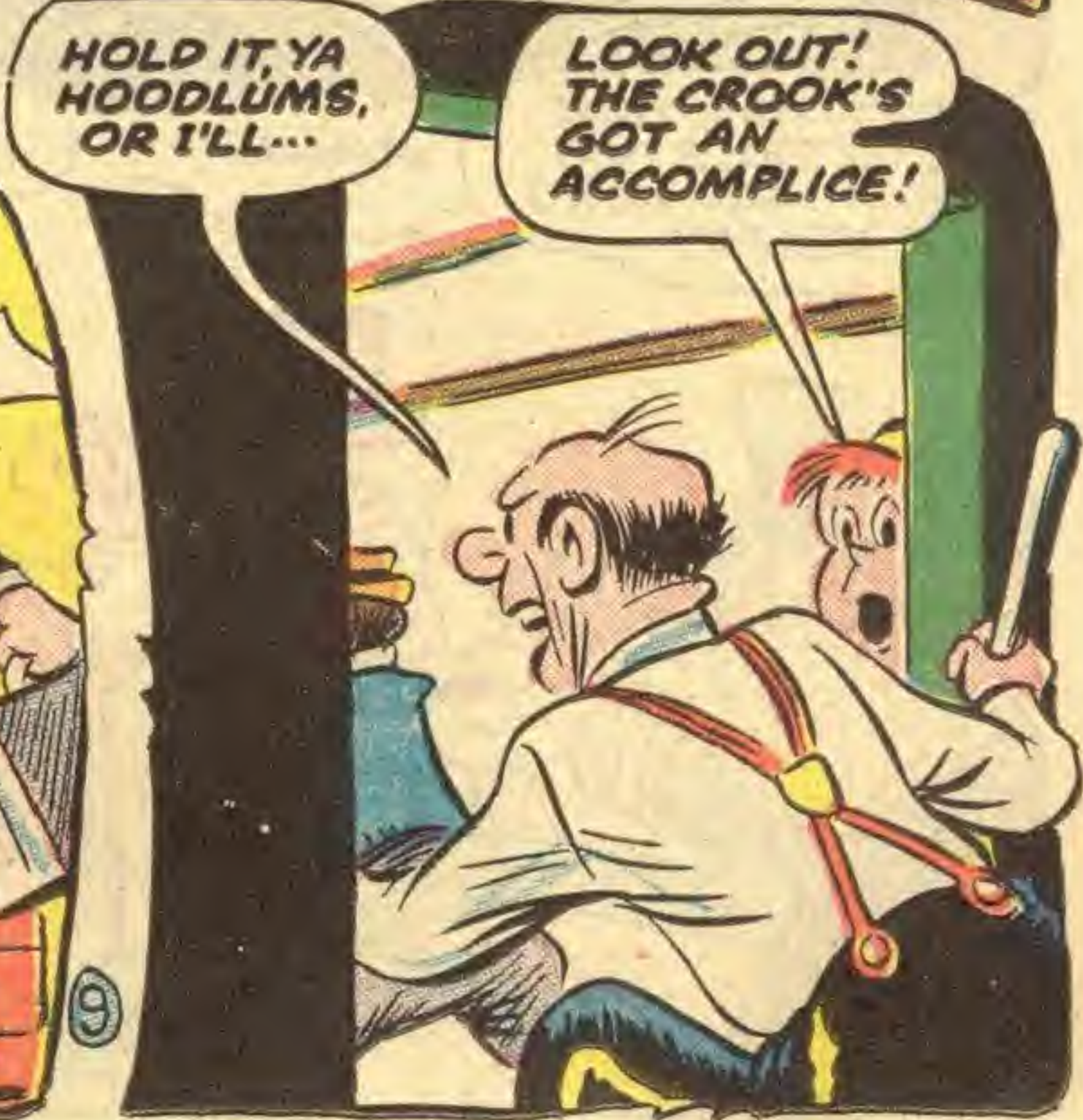
HEADQUARTERS,
COOKIE?

YEAH? HELLO... YES,
CHIEF!... **WHAT?** THE
MAYOR'S OFFICE? AN'
THE CROOK'S STILL
THERE?... **SAY NO
MORE! WE'RE ON
OUR WAY!**

HAW-HAW! YOU SURE ARE ON
YOUR WAY, COOKIE... **BUT TO
JAIL!**... NOW TO CALL THE
POLICE AN' TELL THEM SOME
HOODLUMS ARE BEATIN' UP
THE MAYOR! **ZOOT, YOU'RE
SLIGHTLY TERRIF'!**

**EXCELLENT!
GOODBYE!**





OKAY! SO WE'LL
JUST TAKE YOU
ALONG TOO!

BOY, WOTTA
CLEANUP! THE
COPS'LL LOVE US
FOR THIS!

CRASH!

I CAN SEE IT NOW!
REWARD...HEADLINES
...YESSIR, WE SURE
HIT THE JACKPOT
THIS TIME!

YA CAN SAY **THAT**
AGAIN! WAIT, I'LL
CALL THE CHIEF
AN' TELL HIM TO
ROLL OUT THE
RED CARPET
FOR US!

WHAT SORT OF
A POLICE FORCE
HAVE WE GOT,
ANYWAY?

DO SOMETHING!
I'VE BEEN **ROBBED!**

ME
TOO!

SH-HHH...PLEASE
...**QUIET!**...HOW'S
THAT, SON? ...YOU
HAVE? **HURRAY!**

WELL, FOLKS, YOU CAN
ALL STOP WORRYN'!
**THE FUSE-BOX BANDIT
HAS BEEN APPREHENDED!**

AND IT WAS **YOUR**
BOY, O'TOOLE, THAT
DID IT! HERE...**HAVE**
A CIGAR!

MMMMF!

AH...**HERE THEY**
COME NOW!

MAKE SURE
THAT BANDIT'S
SENT UP FOR
LIFE!

HANG
HIM!

WELL, CHIEF, HERE HE IS...AND HIS HELPER, TOO!

FINE...FINE!
CONGRATU...U...YOU...

...YOU DOPES!
THAT'S MAYOR WHIFFENPOOF...
AN' MY OFFICER CLANCY!

WELL, O'REILLY? AS MAYOR, I DEMAND TO KNOW THE MEANING OF THIS OUTRAGE! IF YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE, I'LL... I'LL...

...I'LL HAVE YOU **BROKEN!** YOU'LL BE BACK ON THE BEAT! YOU'LL...

MY WATCH!

HUH?

WELL, I'LL BE...!

LOOK! MY RINGS!

AN' MY...

WELL, MAYOR WHIFFENPOOF, WOT'S THE MEANIN' OF THIS? ARE YOU...

ER...YES, CHIEF... I HAVE A CONFESSION TO MAKE! I'M THE **FUSE-BOX BANDIT**...BUT FOR A REASON!

YOU REMEMBER THAT STATUE
OF ME THAT'S IN THE CITY
HALL BASEMENT?

WELL, IT OCCURRED
TO ME THAT ALL IT NEEDED
TO MAKE A NICE MONUMENT
FOR OUR TOWN WAS A FINE
GRANITE BASE! AND KNOWING
THAT THE FOLKS WOULDN'T
CONTRIBUTE, I JUST DECIDED
TO COLLECT MYSELF, SEE?

BUT YOU CAUGHT ME...
AND JUST TO PROVE
THAT I'M AS GOOD AS
MY WORD, HERE'S THE
REWARD MONEY, M'BOY!

GEE!
THANKS,
MR.
MAYOR!

HEY, CHIEF! THAT'S
THE MONEY HE STOLE
FROM US! WE WANT
IT BACK!

THAT'S RIGHT, COOKIE
...START DOLIN' IT
OUT!

YES,
SIR!

And so several \$\$ later...

GEE, POP, I'M **SORRY**
...BUT THERE'S NONE
LEFT FOR YOU!

HE'S RIGHT,
O'TOOLE! I...ER
...**SPENT** SOME
OF IT! BUT I
KNOW **JUST** HOW
I CAN MAKE IT
UP TO YOU!

So the Mayor did
...and...

BUT POP!
I'LL FEEL
SO SILLY!

SO WHAT? IT'S THE
ONLY WAY I CAN
GET MY MONEY
OUT OF THAT
PIECE OF JUNK
HE GAVE ME!

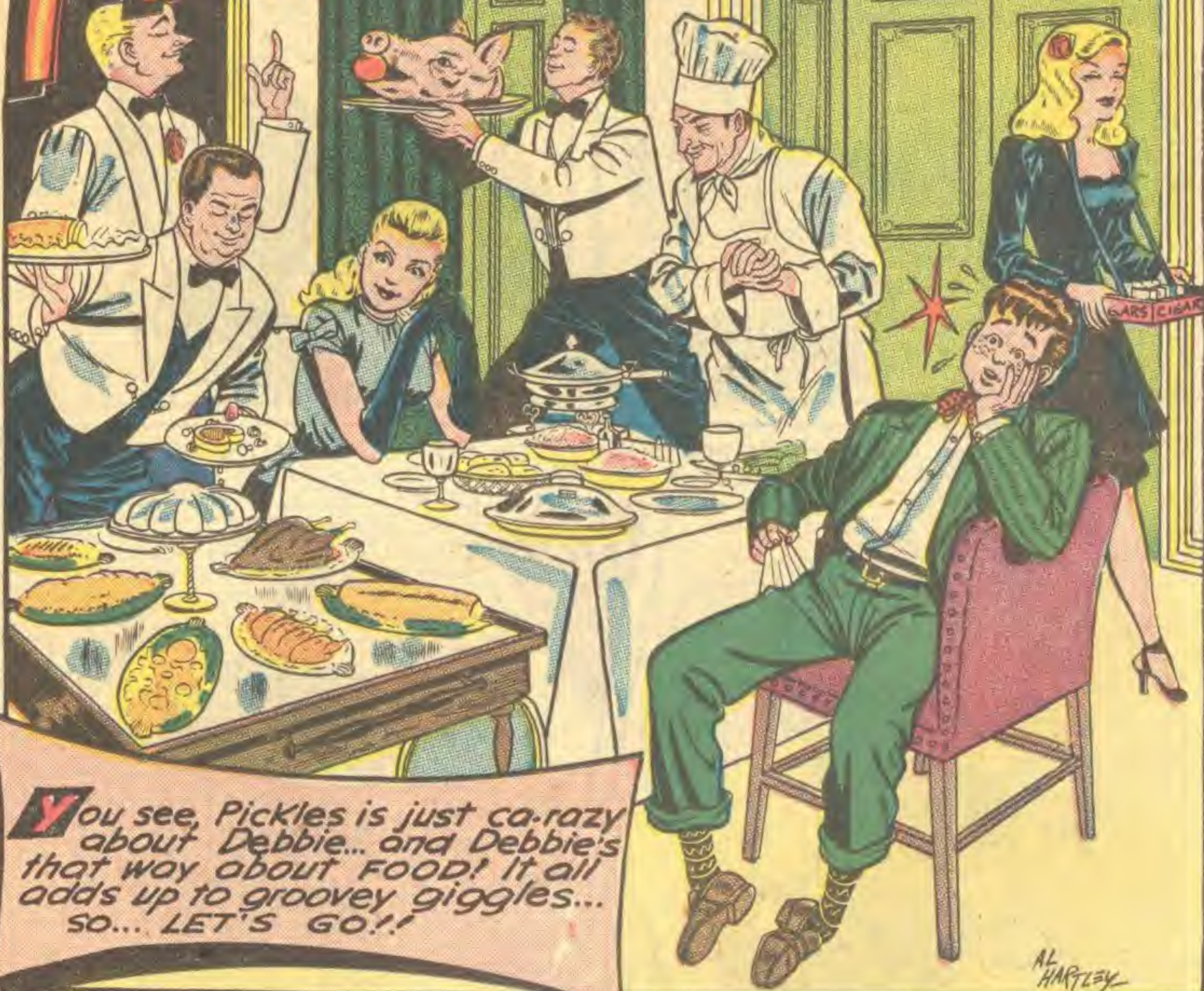
LOUDER!

HERE Y'ARE,
FOLKS! TRY
YER LUCK!
ONLY 10¢!

HIT THE MAYOR'S
STATUE ON THE
NOSE AND WIN A
PRIZE

THE
END!

PICKLES



You see, Pickles is just ca-razy about Debbie... and Debbie's that way about FOOD! It all adds up to groovey giggles... SO... LET'S GO!!

AL HARTLEY



HI, DEBBIE! SAY-- YOU LOOK GOOD ENOUGH TO EAT!

I DO EAT--AND THANKS FOR THE INVITE, PICKLES! LET'S GO!



UH--ULP--AH--

50¢ TOTAL CAPITAL!

OKAY--I AM IN THE MOOD FOR A HOT DOG! SOUND GOOD TO YA?

OH, NO... I'M SIMPLY FAMISHED! LET'S GO TO THE RITZ! WE CAN GET A SUPER MEAL AND LISTEN TO RUDY ROAMER AND HIS ROLLIN' RHYTHM!



WELL, I... AH...
AHEM... **THE**
RITZ... YA SEE...

PICKLES! IF YOU'RE
SUCH A **CHEAP** SKATE,
PERHAPS I'D BETTER
ACCEPT **ROMEO**
RAVELLI'S INVITATION!



WHO'S A CHEAP
SKATE? C'MON--
THE SKY'S THE
LIMIT!

...BUT YOU DON'T
KNOW WOT A LOW
CEILIN' WE GOT,
TOOTS!



At the Ritz...

TABLE FOR TWO! (SIGH!)
VERY NEAR THE DOOR!



OH NO, PICKLES! THERE'S
ROMEO NEAR THE DANCE
FLOOR-- LET'S **IMPRESS**
HIM!



UGH--I GRAB YOU,
SQUEEZIE! AH--
MAKE THAT--(GULP)
--A **RINGSIDE**
TABLE, PLEASE!

VEDDY
GOOD,
SIR!



HERE GOES--
HOPE HE HASN'T
GOT 20-20
VISION!



SAY! YOU SLIPPED
ME A **LAUNDRY**
TICKET, BUB!
WOT'SA IDEA, HUH?



UH--OH--MY MISTAKE... AH--
I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU **LATER!**
HEH--HEH-- LATER, THAT IS!



PARDON ME, DEBBIE--I
HAFTA MAKE A **VERY**
IMPORTANT PHONE CALL!
YOU GO AHEAD AND OR-
DER-- ALL I WANT IS A
BOLOGNA SANDWICH!



THAT'S RIGHT, BINKIE! I DON'T CARE
HOW YOU GET THE TEN BUCKS... **JUST**
GET OVER HERE WITH IT RIGHT
AWAY!



WOT'S
THIS?

YOUR SANDWICH...
BOLOGNA A LA
SMORGASBORD!



OH, B-BROTH-
ER!





I... I... YI... YI! BINKIE... LET'S DANCE!

DON'T BOTHER SAYIN' ANYTHIN' PICKLES-- I KNOW! MORE DOUGH, EH? WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE CHANCE, AN' THIS HAD BETTER WORK-- SO PRAY!

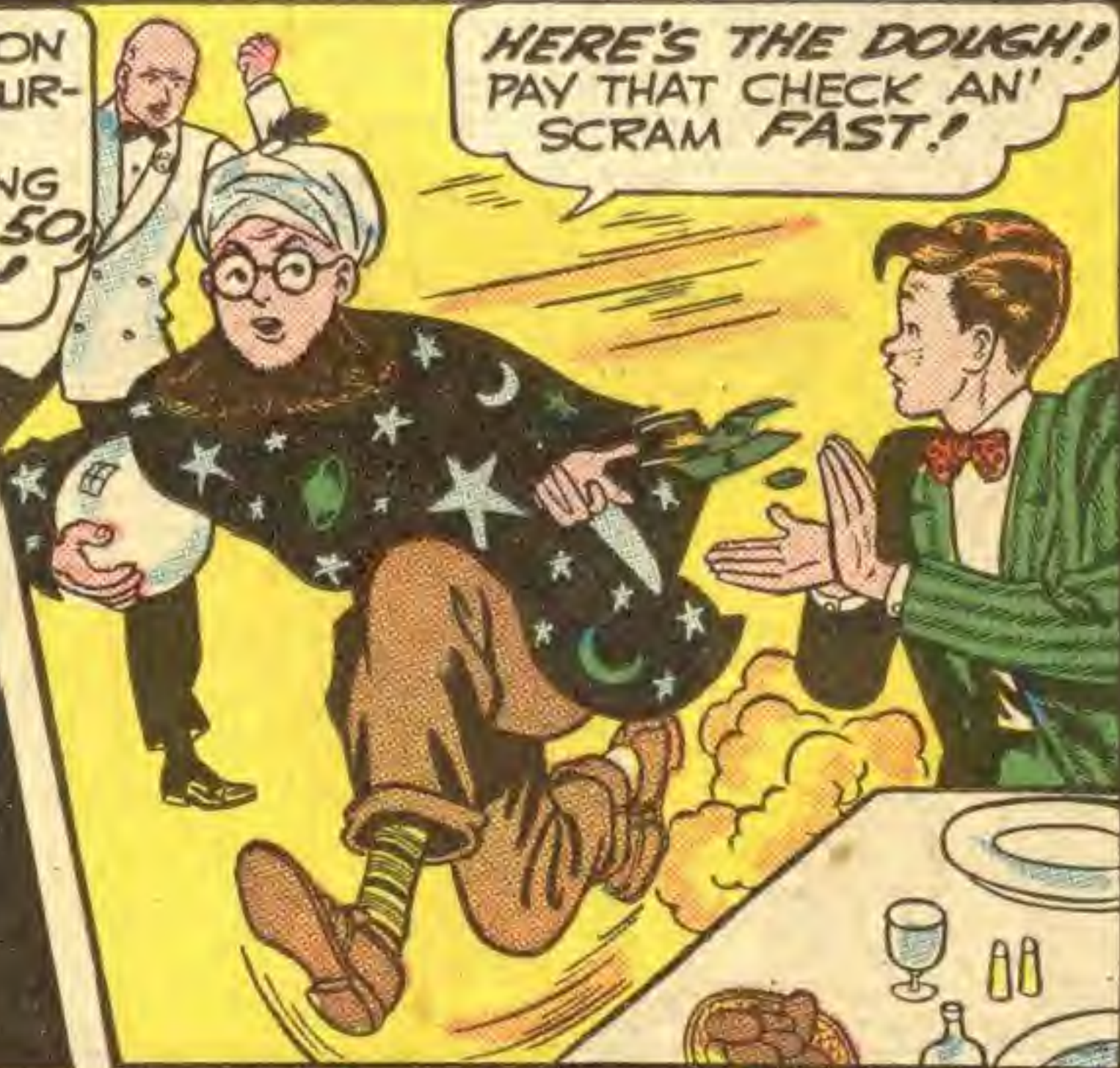


SAY, WHO'S THAT SWAMI? I DON'T REMEMBER HIRING HIM! BRING HIM HERE SOON'S HE FINISHES TELLING THAT CUSTOMER'S FORTUNE--I GOT A FEW QUESTIONS TO ASK HIM!



YER GOIN' ON A DARK JOURNEY--YA'LL MEET A LONG MAN... \$2.50 PLEASE!

HERE'S THE DOUGH! PAY THAT CHECK AN' SCRAM FAST!



SORRY, SIR--I CAN'T ACCEPT YOUR MONEY! IT'S NO GOOD!

W...WOT?



JUST WALK THIS WAY, IF YOU PLEASE!

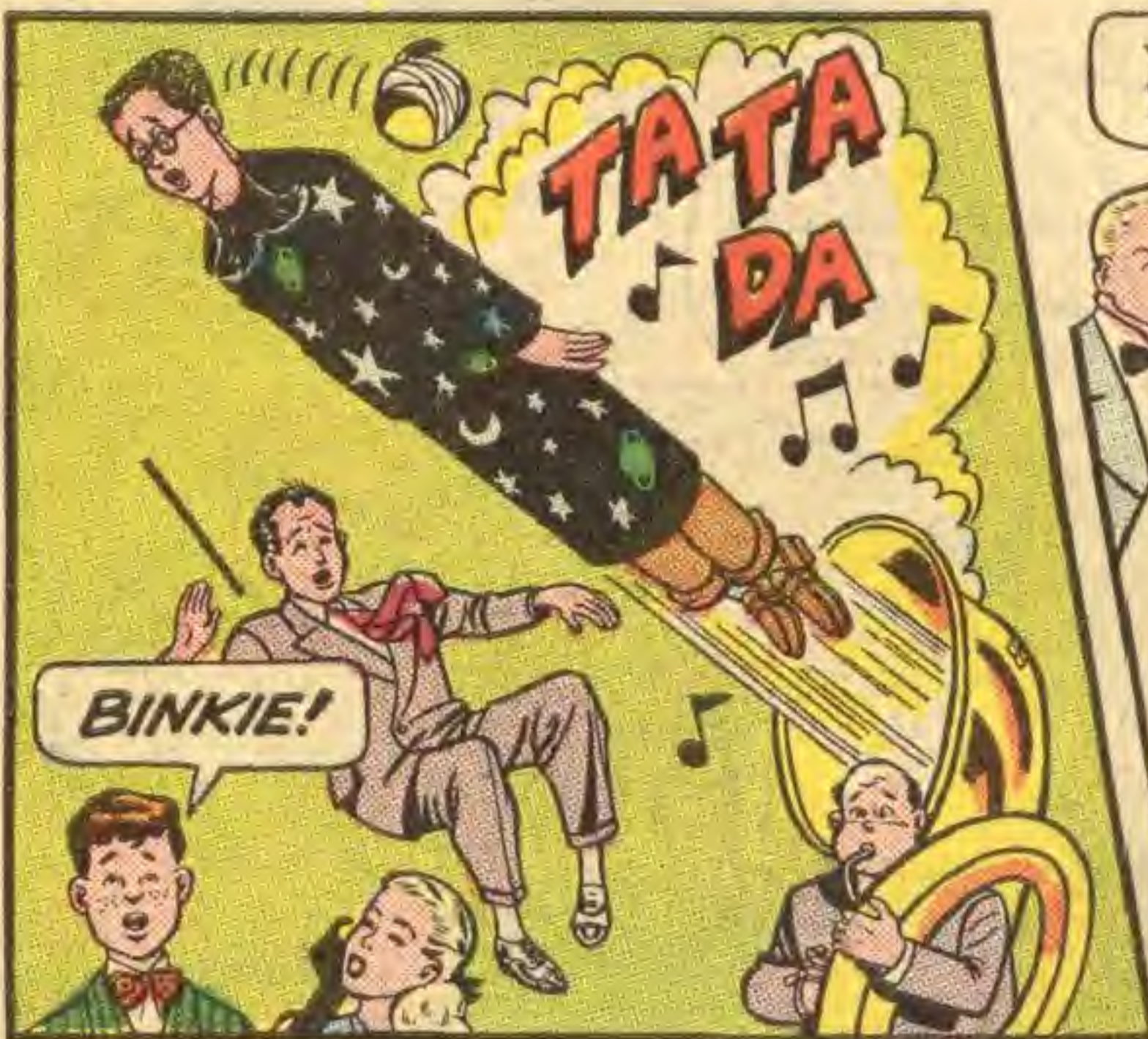
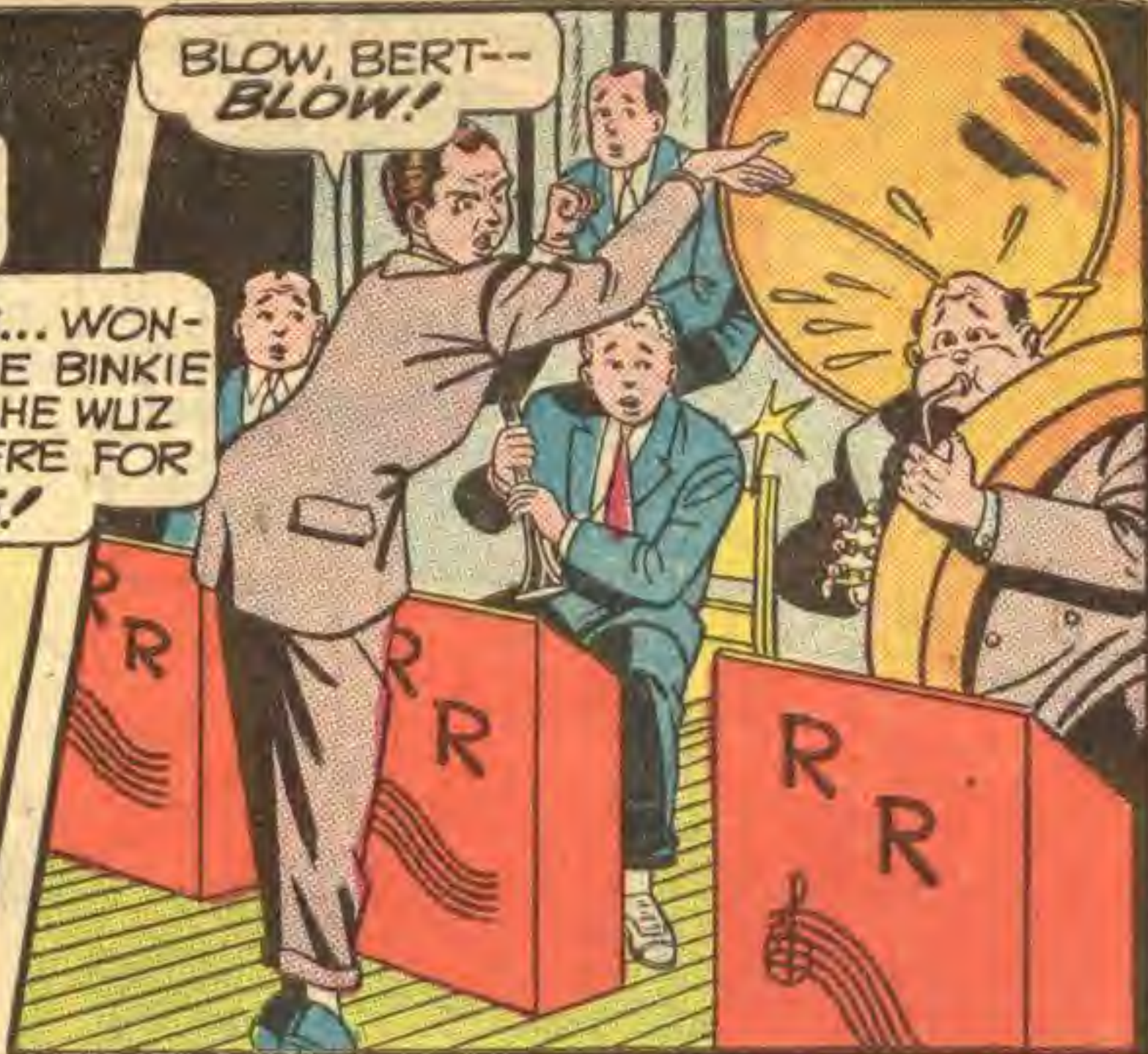
I--I'LL TRY TO....



LADEEZ AND GENTLEMEN! THE RITZ IS HONORED TO WELCOME THIS YOUNG COUPLE AS ITS **MILLIONTH PATRONS!** EVERYTHING'S ON THE HOUSE FOR THEM ... **FANFARE, RUDY!**

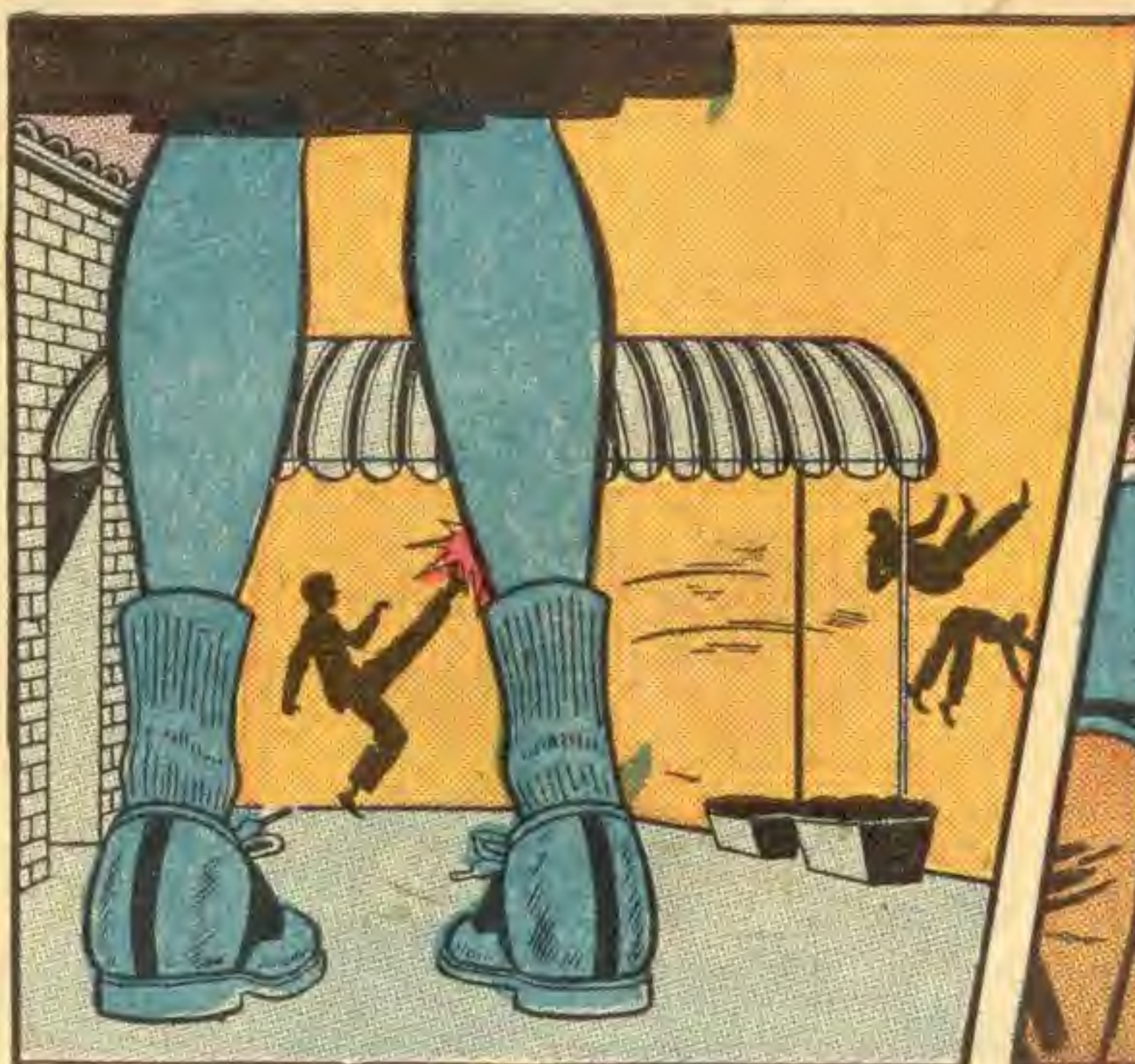
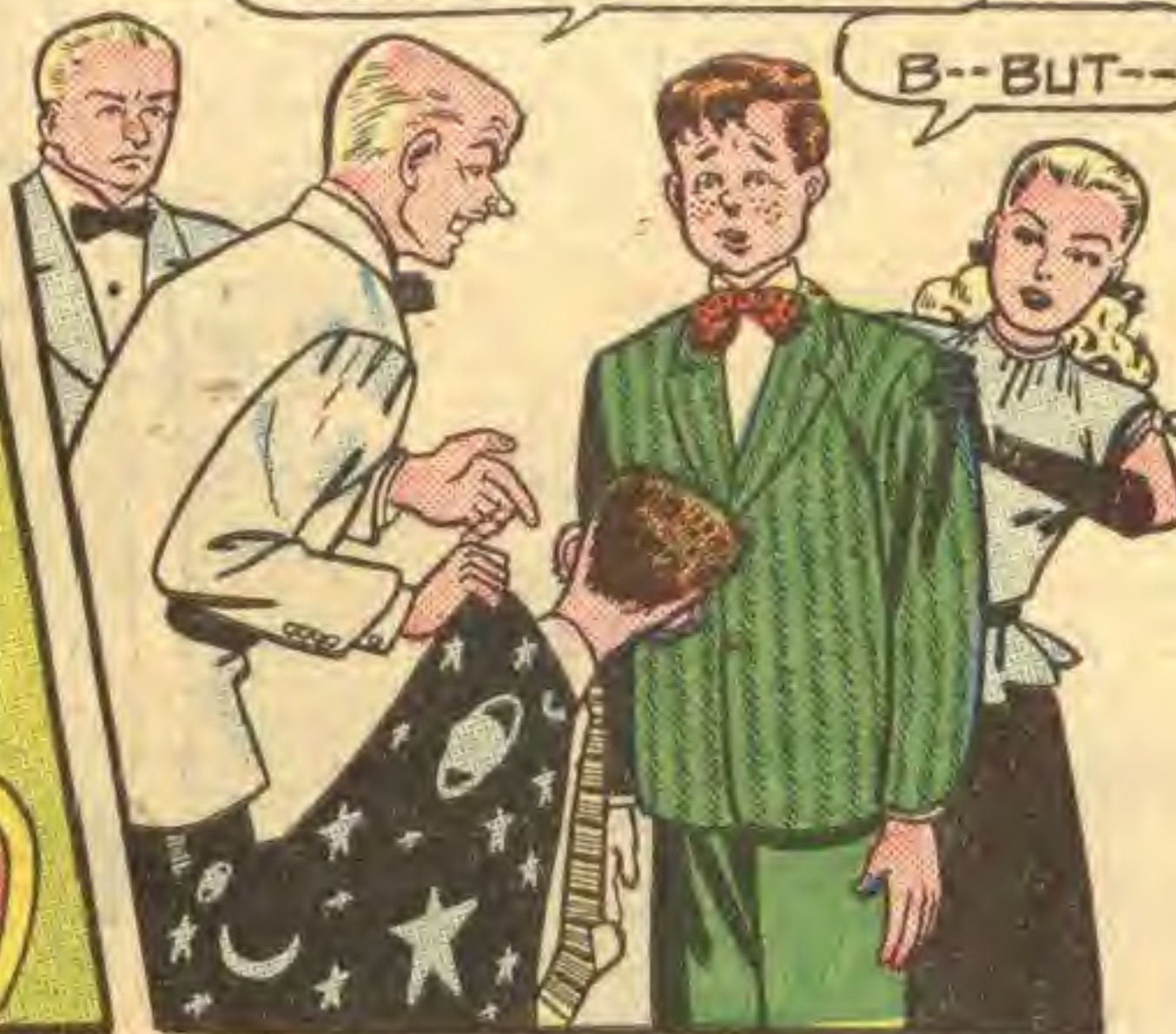
JEEPERS... WONDER WHERE BINKIE WENT! IF HE WUZ ONLY HERE FOR **THIS!**

BLOW, BERT--
BLOW!



YOU MEAN THIS FAKE'S A FRIEND OF YOURS? ... **OUT WITH THE WHOLE GANG OF THEM!**

B--BUT--



WELL, AT LEAST THE **MEAL** WAS FREE, PICKLES!

OH, YEAH? LOOK, DEBBIE -- A **PARKING TICKET!**



More fun
with Pickles...
next issue!

JUST PALS

CADDIE HOUSE

TAKE YOUR PICK

OH, GERTRUDE! YOU DON'T MIND IF I TAKE THE PRETTY ONE WITH THE YELLOW HAIR, DO YOU?

OF COURSE NOT! OKAY, SHORTY... C'MON! GRAB THESE CLUBS AN' LET'S GO!

OH, I'LL TAKE THE LIGHT LOAD AN' COOKIE TAKES THE BIG LOAD, AN' I'LL...

SHADDUP, ZOOT! PUFF... PUFF...

NOW, NOW, COOKIE, DON'T GET SORE! CAN I HELP IT IF DAME FORTUNE SMILES UPON ME?

FORE!

DAME FORTUNE MUSTA STOPPED SMILIN', DIDN'T SHE, ZOOT?

HA-HA!

PLOK!

Cookie

RIDES A HOBBY

MR. O'TOOLE looked coldly at his son and heir. "What is it this time, Cookie?" he asked, and then added. "As if I didn't know!"

"Well, Pop," Cookie stammered, "it's like this. I just happen ta need three bucks fer—"

But Pop O'Toole wasn't in a listening mood. "Money, money, money!" he shouted, seizing his fringe of hair and yanking it. "Do you think I'm *made* of money? You've had your allowance this week, my boy, and that's all you're getting out of your old father. And *another* thing—"

"But, Pop," Cookie tried to explain, but his father was well launched and wouldn't stop.

"In *my* day," said Mr. O'Toole, "we *earned* our money by the sweat of our brows! Good, honest, old-fashioned *work*! We used our brains, when I was a boy, and didn't come whining and sniveling to our fathers for pocket money! Where's your pride? Where's your pioneer spirit? Why don't you develop a—a—*hobby*, or something, and learn the joys of independent labor? Why—"

"Ya know somethin', Pop?" asked Cookie. "I think ya got an idea there!"

As Cookie left the living room, his brain was afire with plans and ambitions. "I'll show 'im," he said to himself. "I'll get me a hobby, an' who knows? I might turn out ta be a *financial wizard*! Now, let's see—what's a good start—hmmm—say, I *know*!"

Dashing upstairs to his room, Cookie dug under a pile of old school papers, until he found what he was looking for. "My old chemistry set!" he said proudly, carrying the large box towards the garage. "First, I'll set up a lab on Pop's workbench, an' then I'll prob'ly invent somethin' *very valuable*! Science—*here comes Cookie O'Toole!*"

The hours sped by, as Cookie, deep in concentration, mixed, stirred and pounded his chemicals. "After all," he told himself, "the law o' gravity wuz discovered by *accident*! Columbus discovered the world wuz round by *accident*!" He paused to light a flame under the mixture he had just prepared. "Watt discovered the steam engine practically by—"

Boom!

Accident was right! Whatever the mixture was, it presented the O'Toole garage with the biggest accident it had ever had! "Whaddaya

know?" a dazed Cookie said wonderingly, feeling his face. "No eyebrows!"

"And no *garage roof*!", shouted Mr. O'Toole, who had run out of the house at the sound of the explosion. "*Ruined!* You've ruined the garage, you young vandal! I've got a good mind to—"

"Now, Pop," Cookie reasoned, "it wuzn't really *me*! It wuz my *pioneer spirit*! I wuz only tryin' ta follow yer advice an'—"

Pop O'Toole wiped his streaming forehead and made visible efforts to control himself. "All right, Cookie," he said finally. "No punishment *this* time. But I'm warning you—"

Cookie, however, was already teeming with a new idea. "Chemistry's old stuff, anyhow," he said. "What I'm gonna do is raise *rabbits*—and sell 'em!"

That was why Mom O'Toole had a fit of hysterics two days later, when she found a mother rabbit and her children nested in the best living-room chair! Feeling faint, she went into the garden for some fresh air—and shrieked, "Cookie! Cookie O'Toole! You come here *this minute!*"

Cookie, who had been figuring the rabbit



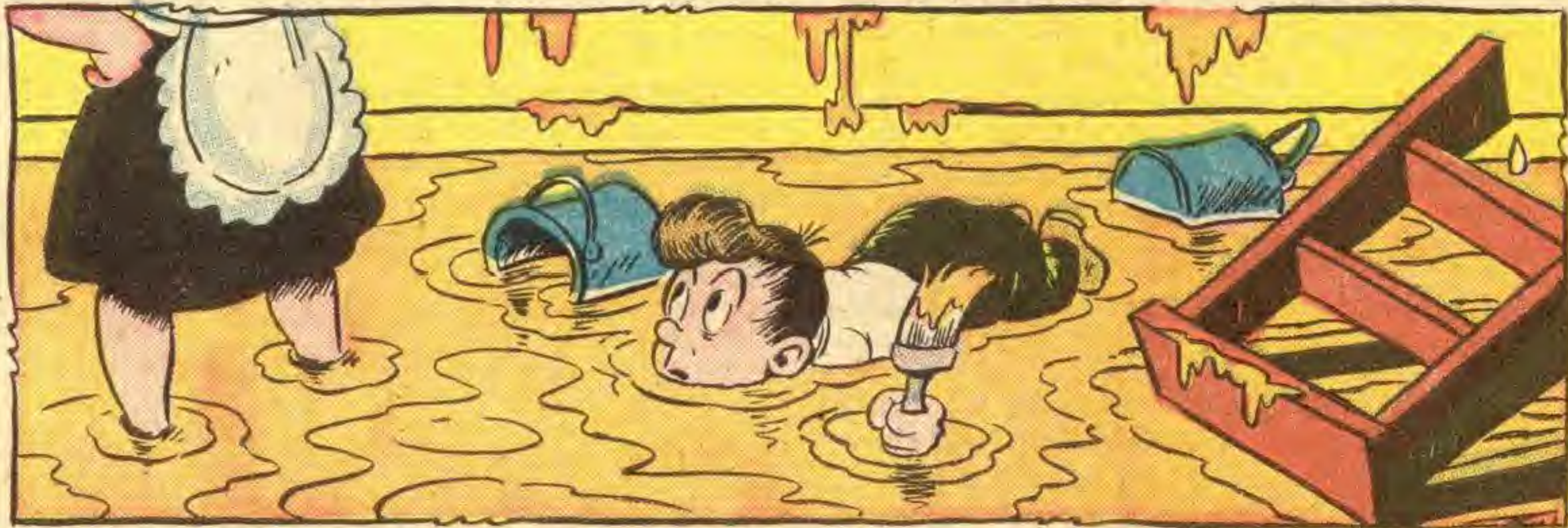
profits in his room upstairs, came running out into the garden. "Yeah, Mom?" he asked innocently.

"My vegetables!" panted Mrs. O'Toole. "Gone! All gone! Every last carrot and cabbage eaten up by those—those *animals*! Cookie O'Toole, prepare for the *biggest spanking* you ever had!"

"But, Mom," Cookie said, "it wuz Pop's idea! I wuz only tryin' ta prove I've got an independent, pioneer spirit. Pop said ta get a *hobby*!"

Mrs. O'Toole conquered her wrath. "All right," she said finally. "I really can't say you were *willfully* mischievous. But you get those—those *beasts* out of here and never let me see another rabbit!"

"Okay, Mom!" said Cookie sadly. "Guess the rabbit idea wuzn't so hot," he admitted to himself, packing the furry creatures in a large crate. "Oh, well. I guess an ambitious guy can *still* find work ta do!"



One hour later, Cookie O'Toole was a full-fledged representative for *Film, The Magazine That Brings Hollywood to You*! As he carried a tremendous stack of fresh new magazines down the street, he was already counting up his income. "All I gotta do is *sell* these! Fifty copies, at a quarter each, a nickel apiece for me, that's—"

Splash!

"Why don'tcha look where you're goin'?" a passing bicyclist asked Cookie.

"Huh?" responded Cookie brightly, from the depths of a large mud puddle. "I—I guess I wuz *thinkin'*!"

He had a pretty hard time convincing the magazine man to wait for his money for all those wrecked copies of *Film, The Magazine That Brings Hollywood to You*. He had a harder time telling his father about it that night.

And Pop O'Toole had a still harder time controlling his temper. "You—you—" he started to splutter.

"Remember what ya told me, Pop," Cookie urged desperately. "You said I should have a *hobby* an' earn my own money an'—"

"All right, all right," said Pop wearily. "You're dismissed!"

It was then that Cookie decided to surprise his mother and father by painting the living-room his rabbits had ruined. Early next morning found him balancing a gallon bucket of paint, a large paintbrush and *himself* on top of a tall, swaying ladder!

"*Whillikers!*" was the last word Cookie said, as the ladder collapsed. His mother had to pick him up off the floor. She couldn't do much about the spilled paint. "Your father will deal with you!" she said ominously, leading Cookie to his room.

A terrible fear settled on poor Cookie as evening drew nigh. Maybe Pop would be *sore*! Maybe he'd lose his temper! Maybe he'd forget all those things he'd said about hobbies and

pioneer spirits and bein' independent. Maybe Cookie had better beat it while the going was good. Maybe he'd better *run away from home*!

As he started to pack a few shirts and handkerchiefs, he heard his father's voice in the hall below. "Cookie! Cookie, come down here! I want to talk to you!"

Trembling, Cookie came down the steps. "Y—yes, Pop?"

"See here, son," said Mr. O'Toole, "this sort of thing must stop—once and for all! That's why, out of pure self-protection, your mother and I have decided to *raise your allowance*!"

"Raise? Raise?" repeated Cookie weakly. "But, Pop, you said when *you* were a young man, you earned your own way an' everything—an' I've just got a swell idea for a *new hobby*—"

"And another thing!" snorted Pop O'Toole. "*Never mention that word around here again!*"

"Yessir!" said Cookie meekly.

OUR KID SISTER

LE'SEE NOW, FIRST MY SUNDAY CLOTHES, THEN MY 'T'SHIRTS, AN' THEN ---

CINDY. WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING?



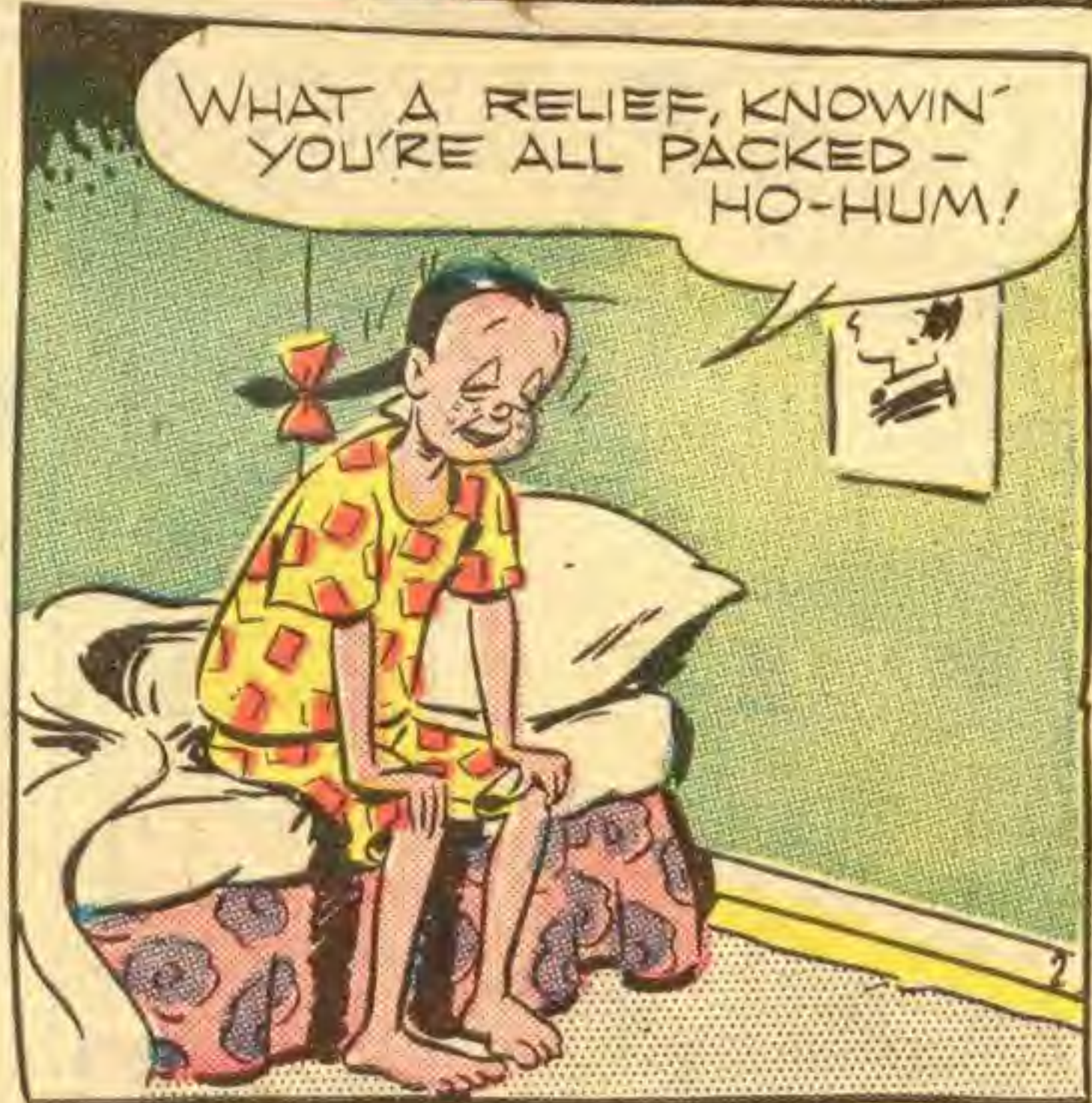
MOMS, I'M PACKING FOR GIRL SCOUT CAMP!

WHY, THAT'S RIDICULOUS! YOU'RE NOT LEAVING FOR THREE DAYS! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO WEAR IN THE MEANTIME?

DON'T WORRY, MOMS! I'VE GOT THAT ALL THOUGHT OUT! I'LL JUST LEAVE A CHANGE OF CLOTHES OUT! THIS IS THE SYSTEMATIC WAY OF PACKING! IT ELIMINATES LAST MINUTE RUSH!

I WONDER!





I'LL CLIMB INTO A PAIR
OF JEANS AN' SHIRT -- HEY!
OH, MY GOLLY !!



I MUSTA PACKED ALL MY STUFF
BY MISTAKE! I HAVEN'T A THING TO
WEAR BUT MY GIRL SCOUT UNIFORM,
AN' I CAN'T WEAR IT 'TIL I GO TO CAMP!



I DON'T DARE OPEN THAT SUITCASE,
OR MOM'S WOULD REALLY KID ME
ABOUT MY SYSTEMATIC PACKING!
I'LL JUST HOP
BACK IN BED
AN' PLAY SICK!



GOLLY, WHAT I WON'T
DO FOR PRINCIPLES!



WELL, I MIGHT AS
WELL FACE IT! I GOTTA
STAY PUT ALL DAY
LONG AGAIN--AN'
IT'S SUCH A KEEN
DAY!

**NEXT
DAY!**

HEY, CINDY!
THE FAMILY'S
GOIN' TO THE
BEACH! YOU
WANNA COME
WITH US?

OH GOLLY,
KITTY. THAT'D
BE SUPER!





I COULD HAVE SWORN
CINDY HAD HER PARTY
DRESS ON! GOOD
HEAVENS! SHE
DID!



CINDY! COME BACK
HERE THIS INSTANT!
DO YOU HEAR ME?
THE IDEA!!



-ANOTHER DAY IN BED!
HRRUMPH!



NEXT
DAY
WHICH,
OF
COURSE,
IS
THE
DAY
CINDY
LEAVES
FOR
CAMP!

THANK HEAVENS!
TODAY'S THE DAY!
I CAN PUT ON MY
UNIFORM!

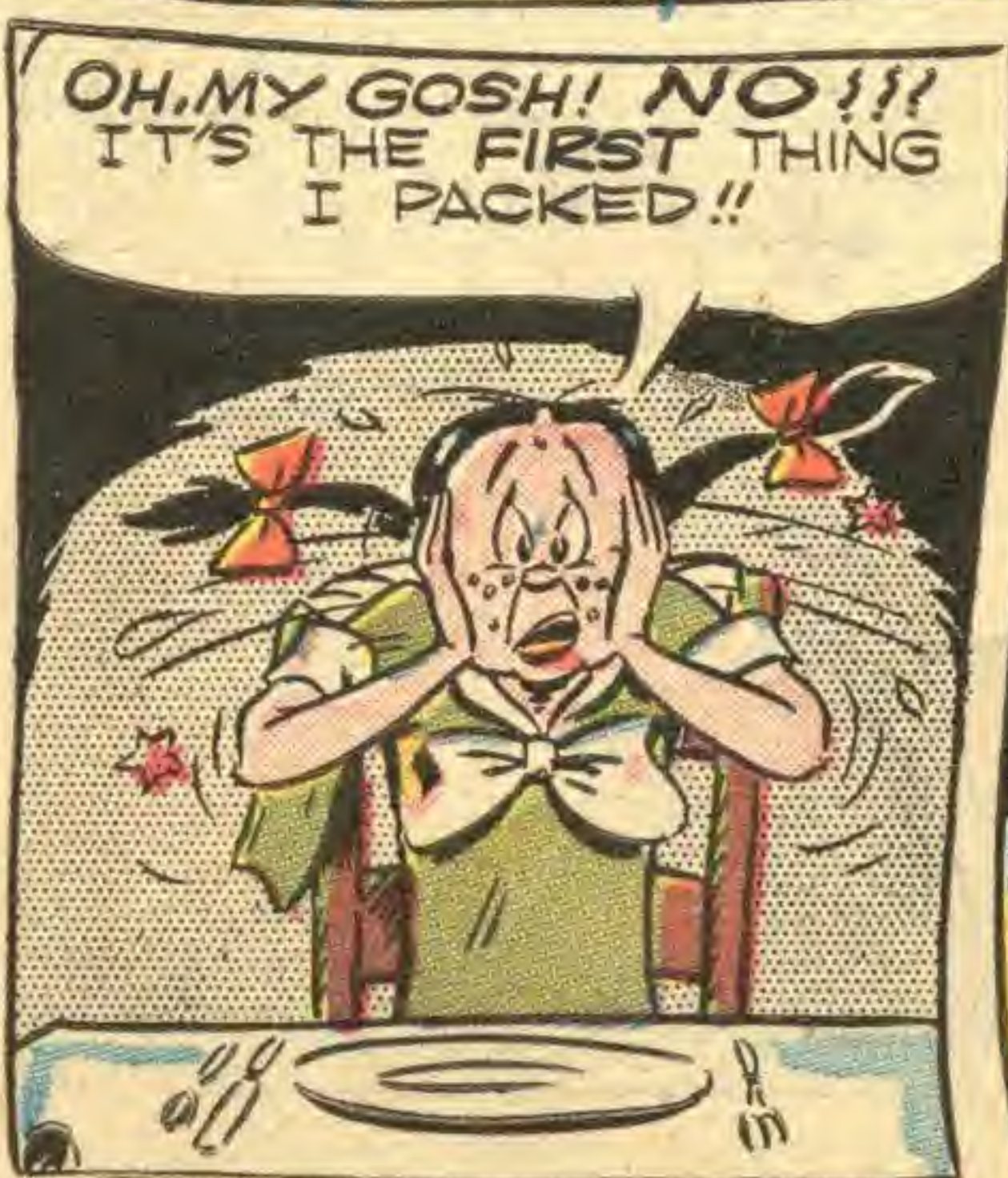


THIS IS WHEN I REAP THE
BENEFITS OF SELF-DENIAL! I'M
ALL SET TO GO! NO SUITCASE WORRY!



I'LL HAVE THE LAST
LAUGH ON EVERYONE! I CAN
EAT MY BREAKFAST QUIETLY,
WITHOUT RUSHING, WHILE EVERY-
ONE ELSE IS
SCURRYING
AROUND
PACKING!





TEEN TALES

Al Hartley

THERE THEY GO--HAVING FUN AT MY EXPENSE AGAIN!

YOUNG MAN, DID I SEE YOU KISS MY DAUGHTER?

I DON'T KNOW, SIR-- I WAS MUCH TOO BUSY TO NOTICE!



YES, COME IN, JOHN-- I *THINK* MILDRED IS HOME!

MARY TURNED ME DOWN WHEN I ASKED HER FOR ANOTHER DANCE!

I GUESS SHE KNOWS HER *BUNIONS!*



FOR THE LITTLE HOUSEWIFE JUST LIKE MOTHER'S



\$9.95

LITTLE CHEF

Super De Luxe Miniature Electric Range. Scientifically designed to cook and bake accurately. Its many features include: new safety aluminum top with enclosed element; separate oven element; separate warming oven; real switches and oven thermometer; fully insulated. Made of heavy gauge steel, welded and riveted. Beautiful white baked enamel finish. Inside rust-proofed. Comes with heavy asbestos appliance cord. Range size 13" x 10 1/2" x 7"

**MONEY BACK
IF NOT SATISFIED**

\$5.95



THE NEW IMPROVED PET TOY WASHER

JUST LIKE MOTHER'S — Now every little girl can do what every little girl always longs to do — work side by side with mother with a really, truly toy washer built just like mother's. Fluffy, foamy suds beaten up by a highly efficient agitator; the wringer swings into place; the clothes are wrung out with never a bit of danger to little fingers; the water is withdrawn through the drain; the clothes may be blued, rinsed, starched — all just like grown-ups' washings.



\$3.95

FISHING OUTFIT

Every boy and girl wants this wonderful new 11 PIECE fishing outfit, including the following: A solid metal "Carry Case" lithographed aluminum and blue, 24" x 3 1/2" with metal handle. A two-piece oil-tempered "whippy" steel rod, 46" long, featuring the "Easy-Line" ferrule, red enameled handle and "lite-grip" reel lock. "Ty-Line" precision reel with click. Nylon fishing line. Sinkers. Assorted sizes steel fish hooks. Float. Snelled hook. 2 ft. gut leader. Illustrated instruction booklet. Metal handy parts bait can. Everything you need to catch the big ones that don't get away. Newly designed and professionally constructed. A tremendous value.

SPECIAL OFFER!



Its high-grade cutlery steel blade is expertly tempered, polished, and sharpened to a keen edge. This beauty has a leather handle for a firmer grip. Complete with genuine leather sheath.



This beautifully designed knife has a can opener as well as a serrated back for scaling your biggest catches. Its other uses include slicing, peeling, skinning, shittling, and cutting, in addition to many other camp purposes. Complete with genuine leather sheath.



\$1.98

A SEWING MACHINE THAT SEWS JUST LIKE MOTHER'S ONLY \$3.95

This machine really sews dolls' wardrobe, bedding, play clothes, etc. It is not only lots of fun, but it is one of the best of all educational toys. Made of metal, finished in bright red and white. Uses standard spool thread, size 30. Self-feeding, with adjustment for changing size of stitch.

Telescope

The ALL ALUMINUM TELESCOPE is a genuine optical instrument, scientifically designed and expertly constructed of sturdy ALCOA Aluminum and polished, moulded plastic. Equal to telescopes formerly sold at many times its price. Note the three sections, finished in new aluminum anodizing process in two-tone, contrasting black and silver. Powerful & power lenses are optically ground and polished. Has an extra wide field of vision and enlarges distant objects with amazing clarity. Guaranteed to be waterproof, dustproof and moistureproof, and built to withstand long and hard usage. Large Field of Vision

JUNIOR PRINTER Just Like The Real Thing! ALL METAL

Including metal characters of actual printers' type, of letters and numbers — wood spacers — ink — brush — chase — removable ink disk — roller — Everything that is needed for perfect reproduction — Prints up to 5 1/2 x 3 1/2.

FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY



\$7.95

SEND NO MONEY

— pay postman plus C.O.D. and postage charges on receipt. If you prefer to send remittance with order, we pay postage.

You must be completely satisfied or money refunded.

Tavella Sales Co. Dept. 151
25 W. Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.

Enclosed find _____ Send C.O.D.

Send the following:

____ Little Chef
____ Pet Toy Washer
____ Fishing Kit
____ Sewing Machine

____ Adding Machine
____ Junior Printer
____ Telescope
____ Fishing Knife
____ Hunting Knife

NAME _____

STREET _____ CITY _____ STATE _____

Scoop! Complete Picture-Taking Picture-Making Outfit for only \$4.98

Candid-Type Camera! Complete Developing Outfit! Complete Printing Outfit!
All for one low price of only \$4.98!



SEND FOR
YOUR OUTFIT TODAY!

At Last! You Can Take, Make and Develop Your Own Pictures!

This is the first time a complete picture-taking, picture-making outfit has ever been offered at the sensationally low price of only \$4.98. You might ordinarily expect to pay much more than that for a good developing kit. Yet here you not only get a big, 14-piece Developing Kit so that you can actually make and develop your own pictures, but also a famous make candid-type Camera which takes regular size pictures. Positively not a toy. Both the Camera and the Developing Kit are "the real thing"—guaranteed to work on the same principle as those used by experienced photographers.

Easy To Make Your Own Pictures! Think of it!—You can go out and snap pictures of your favorite scenes, of important events and land-marks, or of members of your family. Then, within a few minutes after you snap the pictures, you can develop them yourself. Virtually without waiting you can make and develop those same pictures right in your own home. Watch them come to life... clear and sharp... before your very eyes, almost like magic. Sensational! Exciting! Thrilling fun such as you've never known before.

Make Money While Having Fun!

This is the chance of a lifetime to pursue an interesting hobby and learn the fascinating photography business at the same time. You can even make money in your spare hours. Use your Home Developing Kit to accommodate friends and neighbors. They'll be glad to give you their business for it will save them time and money, just as it does you.

THE CAMERA has all the latest features; including snapshot and time exposure and level view finder. Uses easy-to-get 127 film and takes 16 pictures on an 8-exposure roll. THE DEVELOPING KIT consists of

14 individual pieces as shown. There are 2 plastic trays, 1 metal print frame, 1 stirring rod, 1 package of two dozen sheets of contact paper, 3 Universal M-Q developer packs, 1 box acid-fixing solution, 1 plastic funnel, 1 GE darkroom light, 2 plastic clips and 1 easy-to-follow Handbook of developing and printing.

10 Day Examination Offer

Is this a value? You bet it is! By far the greatest value in the country today. Never before has it been possible to get everything necessary to take, make and develop pictures all for this one low price of only \$4.98. These outfits are sure to be grabbed up fast. Photo and camera enthusiasts everywhere will be anxious to own a complete Kit such as this for fun and for spare time profit. You'll be wise to order your complete outfit right now while this low price offer is still in effect so that you won't be disappointed. It's first come, first served. If you want to get started at once to take, make and develop your own pictures, mail the coupon below today. You **SEND NO MONEY!** We'll let you examine and use the kit as your own for 10 days on our money-back guarantee offer.

You get this Big 14 Piece Developing Kit!



SEND NO MONEY! RUSH THIS COUPON FOR YOUR OUTFIT TODAY!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 2521, 1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Illinois

Gentlemen: Send me the Complete Picture-Taking, Picture-Making Outfit as described. On arrival I will pay postman only \$4.98 plus few cents postage and C.O.D. charges for everything. It is understood that if I am not positively delighted with the outfit in every way, I can return it within 10 days for full refund.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

☐ I enclose \$4.98 in advance with this order to save shipping charges. Please send the Complete Outfit to me all postage charges prepaid on your 10-day money-back guarantee offer.



GOOD LUCK to You
Girls! Boys! Women! Men!



HAND OUT ONLY 20 PHOTO ENLARGEMENT COUPONS FREE



Beautiful Sparkling
 IMITATION
Birthstone RING
Given

NOTHING TO BUY. NOTHING TO SELL.

Hand out only 20 get-acquainted Photo and Snapshot Enlargement Coupons **FREE** to neighbors, relatives and friends. You get the smart, new, beautiful, simulated **BIRTHSTONE RING** when only half of the coupons are used. You also get **\$5.00 CASH EXTRA** when all of the Coupons are used right away,—PLUS an **extra SURPRISE GIFT** for your own promptness. **NOTHING TO BUY. NOTHING TO SELL.** Just give out one coupon **FREE** to each family or mail them to friends and relatives as suggested and you'll receive welcome **GIFTS** (the same as thousands of others) in a jiffy. What could be easier? Get started now by sending the free coupon below. You'll be thrilled with your sparkling, simulated birthstone ring, correct for your month of birth. Your Enlargement Coupons rushed by return mail. Be first in your community.

Mail the Coupon Today!

DEAN STUDIOS

Dept. X-24 211, W. 7th St. Des Moines, Iowa

Send this free "birthstone ring coupon" today to
DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. X-24
211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

NAME.....

POST OFFICE.....

R.F.D.....STATE.....

MONTH OF BIRTH.....

-  **JANUARY**
Garnet
-  **FEBRUARY**
Amethyst
-  **MARCH**
Aquamarine
-  **APRIL**
White Sapphire
-  **MAY**
Green Spinel
-  **JUNE**
Alexandrite
-  **JULY**
Ruby
-  **AUGUST**
Peridot



SEPTEMBER
Sapphire



OCTOBER
Rosircon



NOVEMBER
Golden Sapphire



DECEMBER
Zircon